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AUG 17 1953

**Bing's Fling
in Paris!**

**Linda Darnell's
Eccentric Love Life**

FEATURING:

Danton Walker

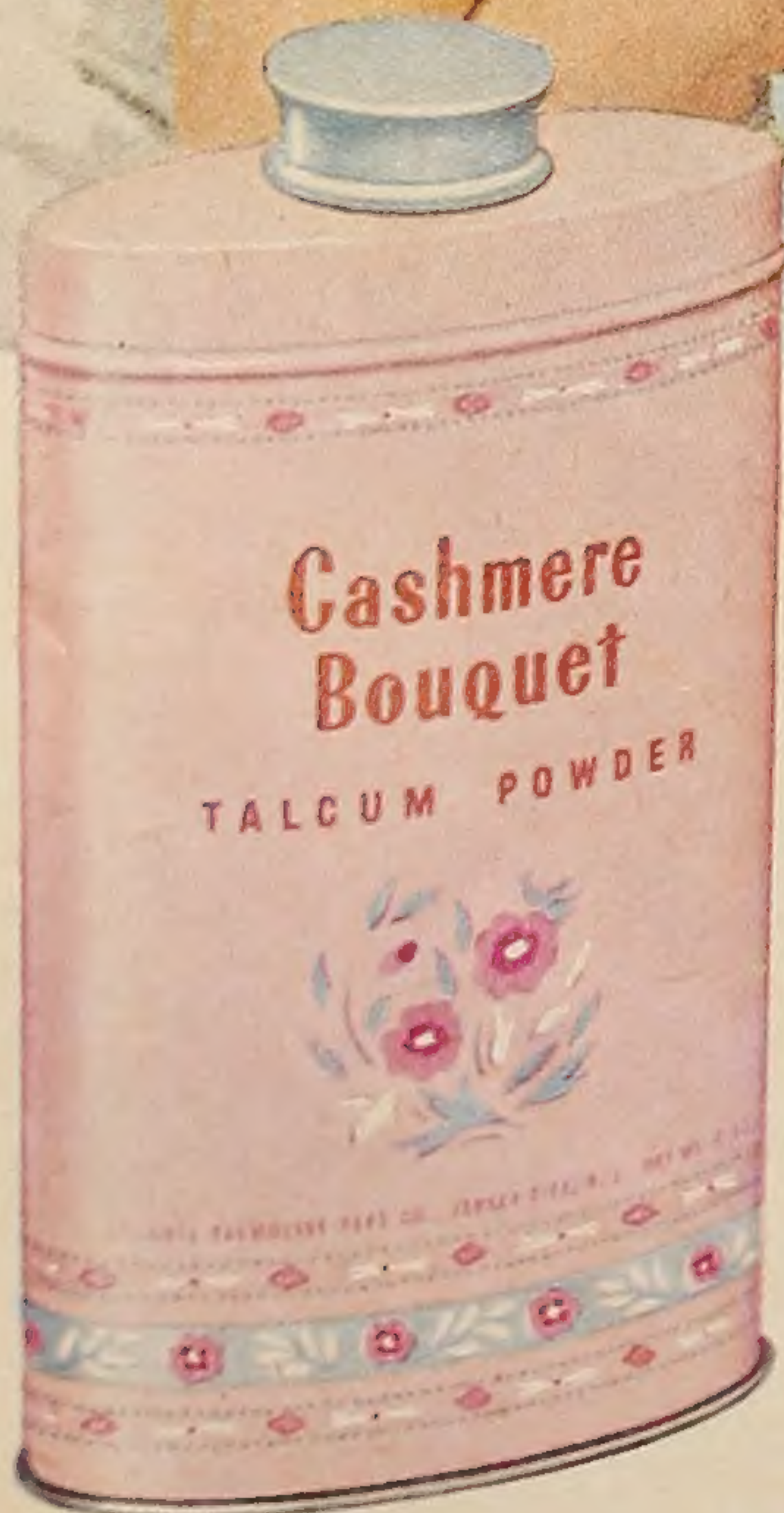
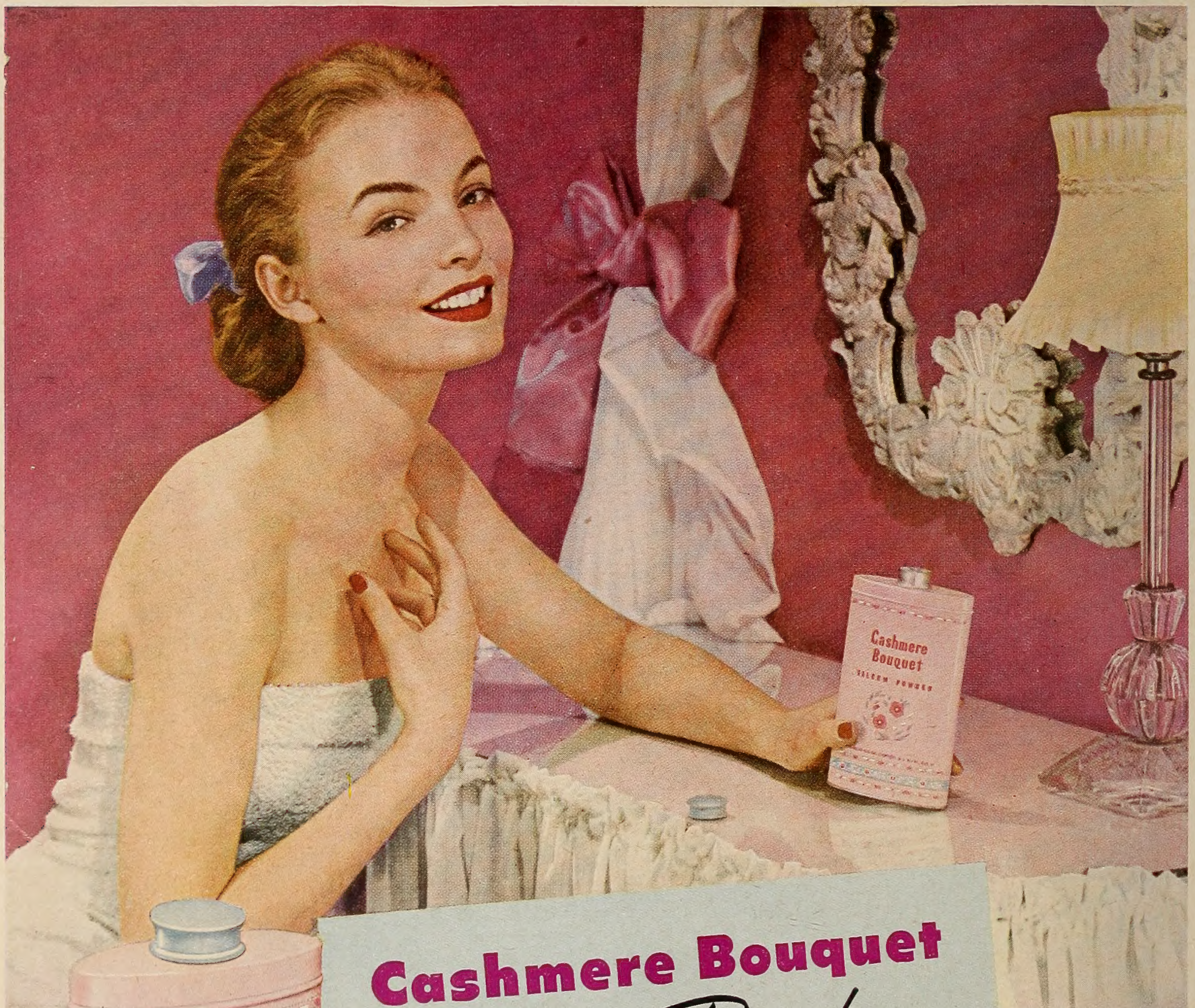
Maggi McNellis

LIBRARY OF
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AUG 12 1953
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BETTY GRABLE



Refreshing **as a morning shower!**
Daintiness **that lingers for hours!**



Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder
 —with the fragrance men love!

What a wonderful sensation when you sprinkle on Cashmere Bouquet Talc! Your body feels so relaxed . . . clean and fresh and good all over! And that pleasant feeling of daintiness lingers and lingers for hours! Use silky-smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc after towelling when you step out of a shower. It helps absorb every drop of moisture quickly . . . delightfully! Use it when you change clothes or before you go out on a date. Cashmere Bouquet is so refreshing . . . and most exciting of all, it surrounds you with a delicate, haunting mist of the famous "fragrance men love"!



Hand Lotion
All-Purpose Cream
Face Powder
Lipstick

Only 29¢ and 43¢

*Look your loveliest
 with Cashmere Bouquet*



That "Bad
and Beautiful"
girl in the
arms of

"LATIN LOVERS"

She's gorgeous in
Technicolor!

COLOR BY

M-G-M's tingling, tropical
musical romance, starring

LANA TURNER

RICARDO JOHN LOUIS
MONTALBAN • LUND • CALHERN

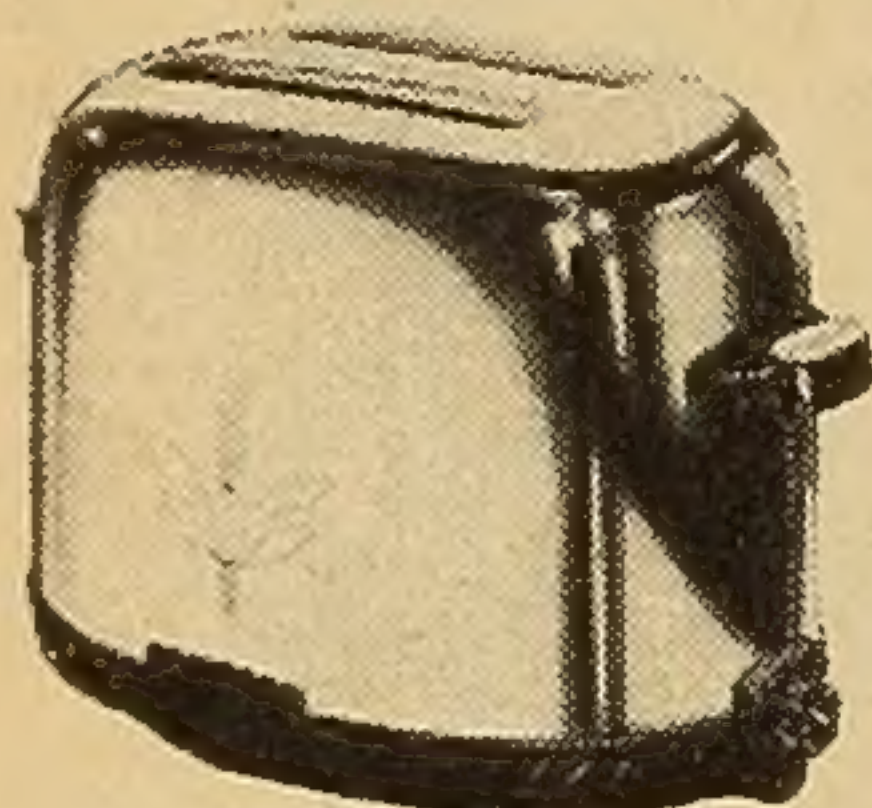
with JEAN HAGEN • EDUARD FRANZ
An M-G-M Picture

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART • Music by NICHOLAS BRODSZKY • Lyrics by LEO ROBIN • Dances staged by Frank Veloz • Directed by MERVYN LEROY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

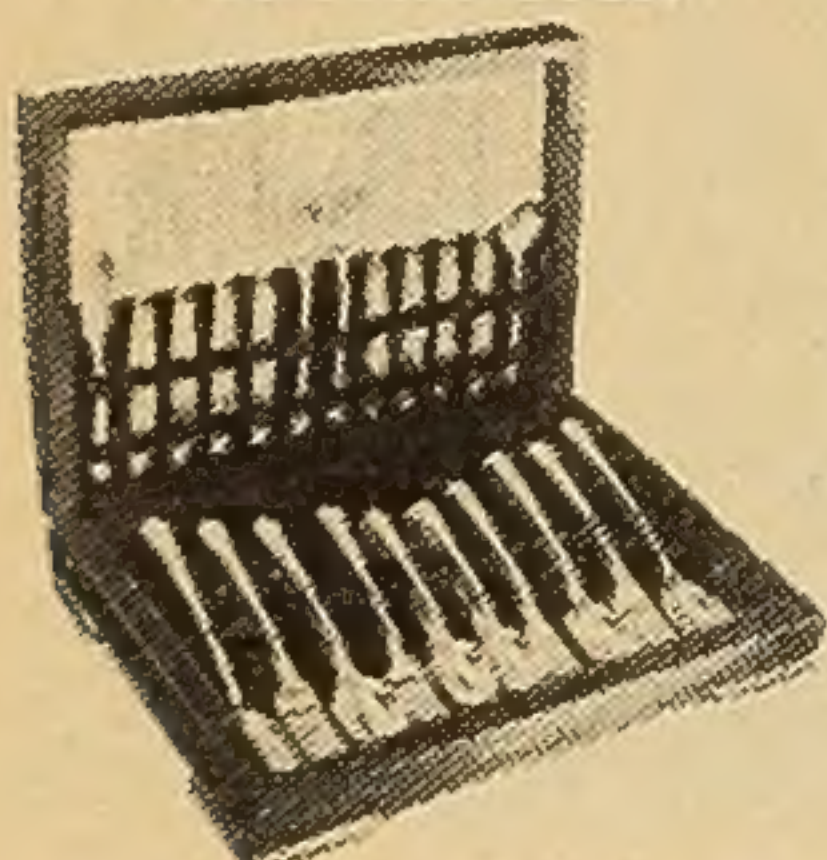
Start a Friendly Shopping Club

**AND GET REWARDS
LIKE THESE
FOR NOTHING!**

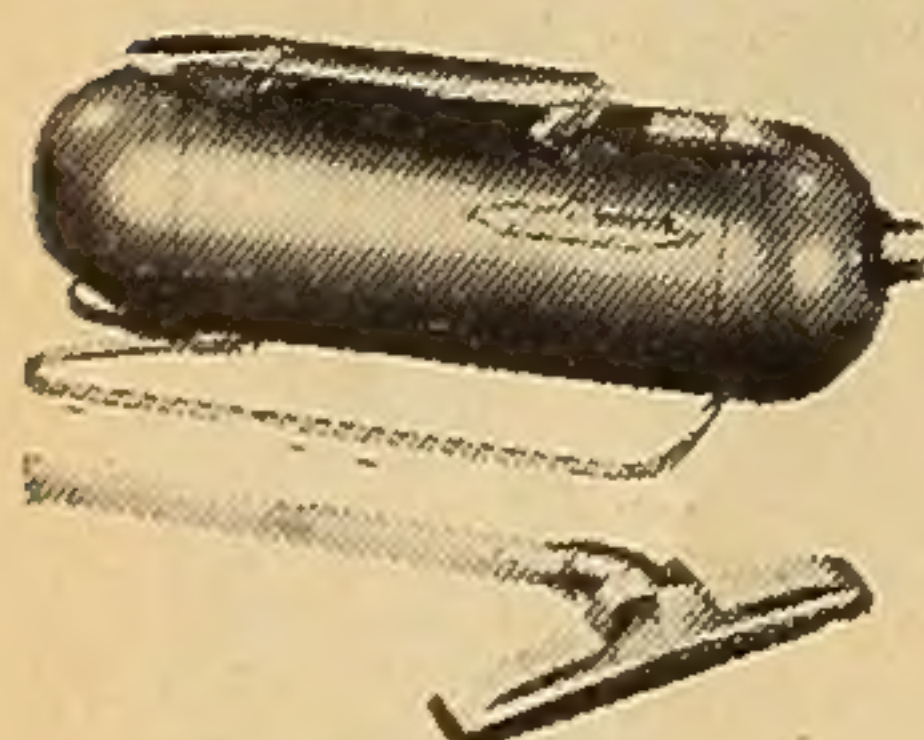
**FOR YOU AT
NO COST!**



TOASTMASTER



HOLMES & EDWARDS



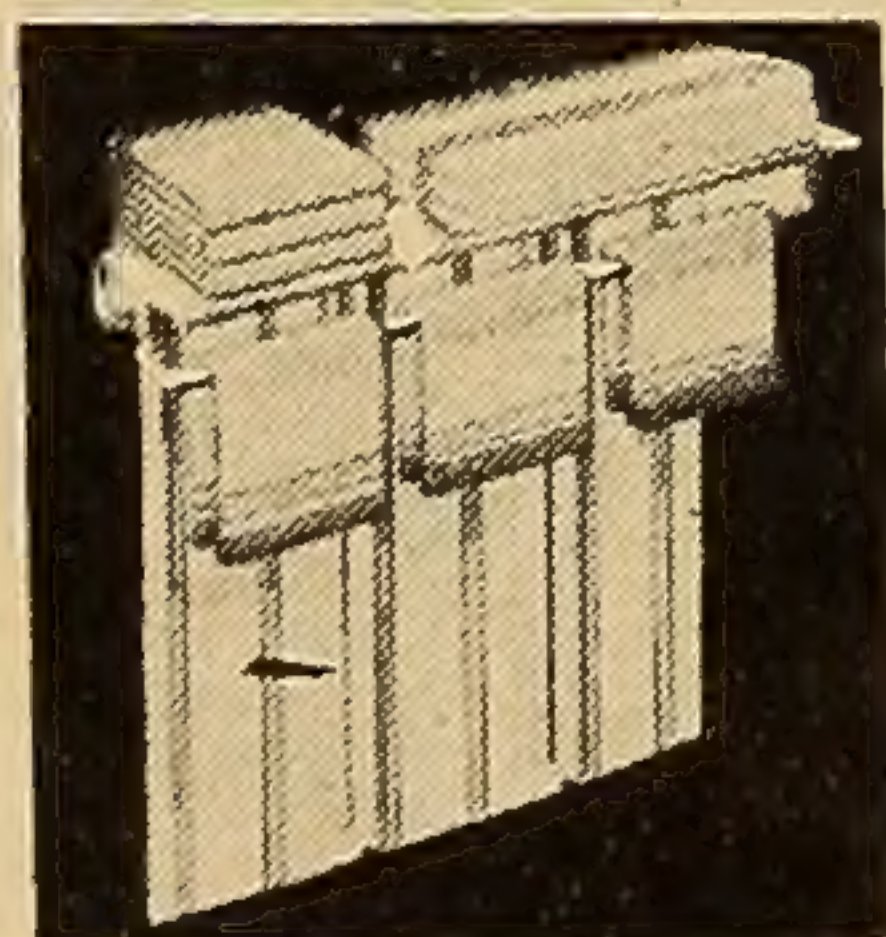
**WESTINGHOUSE
VACUUM CLEANER**

Yes, you actually get \$25, \$50, \$100 in valuable merchandise rewards just for being secretary of a Popular Merchandise club, with your friends or family as members. You help them furnish their homes with wonderful nationally advertised products — things they might not otherwise be able to afford. For only \$1.00 a week, and without carrying charges, they can easily own many wonderful new appliances and other valuable products for the home. *And there's nothing for you to buy, nothing for you to sell.* It's really fun! It makes you respected and looked up to! And it gives you an active, important life!

**Membership Dividends Like These
For Your Family and Friends
AT NO COST!**



ECKO KITCHEN UTENSILS



CANNON TOWEL SET

Beautiful gifts like these are GIVEN to your family and friends who become members without a penny of cost. Mail the coupon at once to learn all about this amazing new shopping plan which makes all this possible.

FREE **BIG NEW CATALOG**
Send now for 140 page full color catalog of America's most famous brand merchandise. Show it to your family and friends. See how thrilled they are! No cost or obligation. Mail the coupon now!

POPULAR MERCHANDISE CLUB PLAN,
Dept. B-717, Lynbrook, N. Y.

Please send me **FREE CATALOG** and all information on how to start a Popular Shopping Club.

Name

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....



Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger arrived together at CBS-TV Coronation Party, thus quietly announcing a reconciliation after over two years' estrangement.

what
hollywood
itself
is talking
about!

by Lynn Bowers

THE banners were out again at MGM when Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz reported for their first picture in quite a spell. Of course, the signs all said "I Love Lucy." Big splash was made on the first day's shooting of "The Long, Long Trailer" with gobs and gobs of the press milling around in the carnival-like atmosphere—carnival de luxe with champagne and box lunches for all. This is apt to be one of the funniest comedies from moviedom and just what the box-office ordered. Whether it will give a heist to trailer travel is another thing, showing the hassles and the funnies as it does.

It's kind of ironic that within a month on the MGM lot three of their former stars have come home to roost. Joan Crawford got the same welcome home treatment when she reported for "Torch Song" as Lucy and Desi did. Quite different from what happened when they exited the studio some few years ago—none of them was able to talk the high brass into giving them a job there. Now

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



Maureen O'Hara with brother James Lilburn, signs autographs at "Shane."



At same opening Corinne Calvet, with husband John Bromfield, blows kisses.

"So This is Love"

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

All its Songs!

From the toe-tapping 'OH ME, OH MY' and 'REMEMBER' through ten other show-stopping melodies to the timeless 'TIME ON MY HANDS'

So this is the dazzling darling from Jellicoe, Tenn.-- the honey-voiced honey they couldn't stop till she reached the show-world's glittering top!

So this is the big music-and-love story -- of how a Greenwich Village cellar-café started one of the brightest careers the bright-lights ever knew!

So this is the laugh-ringing, love-rapturous life-- and the men and melodies in it-- **THE RAGTIME-TO-RICHES STORY OF GRACE MOORE**

STARRING

KATHRYN GRAYSON

WITH

MERV GRIFFIN • JOAN WELDON • WALTER ABEL • ROSEMARY DeCAMP • JEFF DONNELL

SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN MONKS, Jr. • Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE • DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS

Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz

PRESENTED BY
WARNER BROS.



DOCTORS' TESTS PROVE PIMPLES CLEARED UP

or definitely improved
in 9 out of 10 cases



New! Amazing Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED...Hides pimples while it works

At last! A new medication called CLEARASIL is so effective it brings entirely new hope to pimple sufferers. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved.

AMAZING STARVING ACTION. CLEARASIL is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples. Starves pimples because it helps remove the oils* that pimples "feed" on. *Antiseptic*, stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

INSTANT RELIEF from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples. And CLEARASIL is greaseless...stainless...pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

THOUSANDS HAIL CLEARASIL. So many boys, girls, adults found that CLEARASIL really works for them, it is already the largest-selling specific medication for pimples in America.†

GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back. 59¢. Economy size 98¢. Get CLEARASIL at druggists.



NOW ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA (slightly more).

*Over-activity of certain oil glands is recognized by authorities as a major factor in acne. †According to actual store surveys.

FREE PHOTO

LARGE SIZE of your favorite
MOVIE STAR

Direct from Hollywood

With photo, we include **FREE CATALOG**, decorated with newest stars, lists 100's of names, tells how to get their addresses and home pictures. Send name of **YOUR FAVORITE** and your second choice together with only 10c to cover handling and mailing.

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Box 1150—Dept. M-9,
Hollywood 28, Calif.



Robert Wagner

...Train At Home For
A WELL PAID CAREER

PRACTICAL NURSING

Help fill the urgent need for **Trained Practical Nurses**. If you are between 18 and 65, it's easy to train at home in your spare time to take your place in this respected calling. Many earn while learning. High school is not needed. Nurse's equipment included. Mail this ad today for **FREE FACTS**. **Wayne School Of Practical Nursing, Inc.**, 2525 Sheffield Ave., Desk AD-62, Chicago 14, Ill. Please rush **FREE FACTS** and Sample Lesson Pages.

NAME _____

Full Address _____



what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



Raising money for campaign of United Cerebral Palsy, Bob Hope, Gene Nelson, Jeff Chandler and Mrs. Chandler took part in a mammoth, hours-long TV revue.

they're the reigning royalty and it couldn't happen to three nicer people.

Missy Crawford, who's been gifting her director, Chuck Walters (of "Lili" fame), with weekly presents, got surprised herself when Chuck handed her a John Morris portrait of herself in the spectacular costume for the big dance number of "Torch Song." She's out of her mind about it.

Looks like Greg Peck ain't comin' home for a long, long time. Having served out his 18-month tax free stretch in Europe, he lingers on to make another film, "The Cannibals." Scoop is that the rift between Greg and Greta is ever widening.

"Magnificent Obsession," the picture that put Bob Taylor on the map and is well remembered by everybody who is anybody in movie audiences, is about to be made again at U-I. Producer

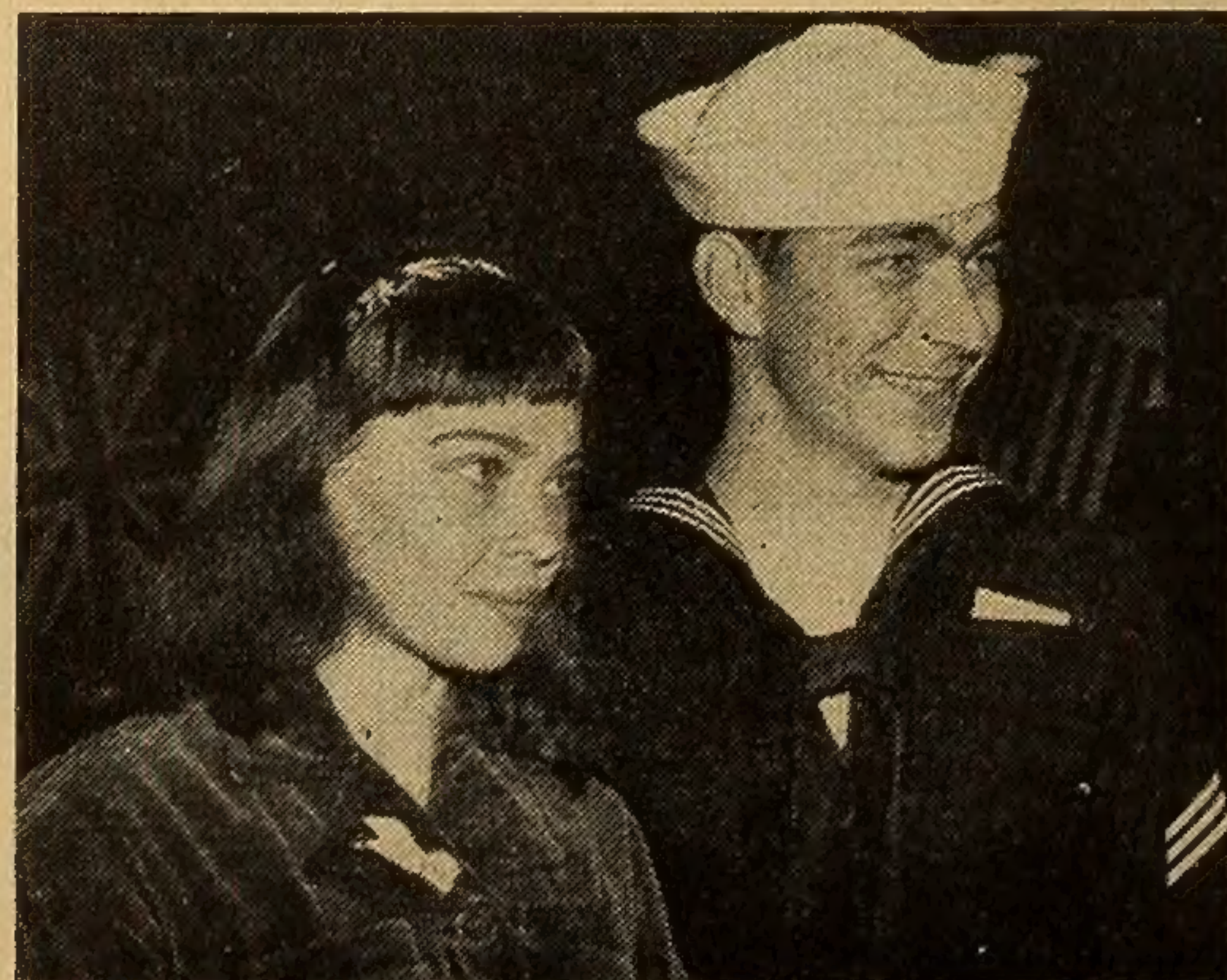
(and former actor) Ross Hunter has lined up Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson, Claude Rains and Agnes Moorehead, plus Technicolor, for the new version of Lloyd C. Douglas' famous novel. So if it did it for Taylor, why not for Rock?

It wasn't particularly smooth going for Ann Blyth and her Doctor before the marriage. The couple surprised a prowler, fingering her wedding presents, one night when they came home from a date. Week before that, there was another character snooping around her house. Then, just as she and her groom were about to take off to get their marriage license, MGM called Annie to the studio to make a test. You don't have to be a movie actress to be a frantic bride, but it certainly helps.

The Geary Steffen-Jane Powell-Gene Nelson fracas took a somewhat more optimistic turn when the couple more or less decided not to make a big court battle out of it, with Jane making some



With Robert Taylor in Europe, Ursula Thiess goes out with Jennings Lang.



Leslie Caron's Navy escort at "Young Bess" preem is husband George Horne.



Mr. and Mrs. Howard Keel arrive at the swank premiere of "Young Bess."

concessions about custody of the children, property agreements and what not. Town's still rocking from this one—surprising and quite a little sad.

The other spectacular one, the John and Chata Wayne hassle, took a slight recess while big Duke went to Mexico to make his picture, "Hondo," but you can bet all the sympathy was and is with Mr. W., since he behaved like a gentleman all the way through, refraining from casting some well-founded aspersions at the distaff side which many Hollywoodians felt would be justified.

When Eve Arden and the family took off for Europe, the departure had all the elements of a slapstick comedy. The car with the baggage got lost, showed up a couple minutes before train time. Then Eve couldn't remember where she'd left the tickets—finally found them in the seventh bag she plowed through. The trip, with all the trimmings, is the reward she gets for playing like an underpaid schoolteacher all the rest of the year.

With "Shane" being called the greatest Western ever made, people are getting excited over the fact that the two fair-haired boys, Alan Ladd and Van Heflin, just might re-do "The Covered Wagon" which, up to the time "Shane" came along, was regarded as the best of the lot. Ought to be a pretty fair lineup, what with those two heroes in same. Alan, by the way, is getting closer to home all the time—stopped off in Canada to make a movie and after that he'll be home, along with all the family.

Judy Garland never had it so good—
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

Dummies don't perspire

...but real live girls need MUM

MUM

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

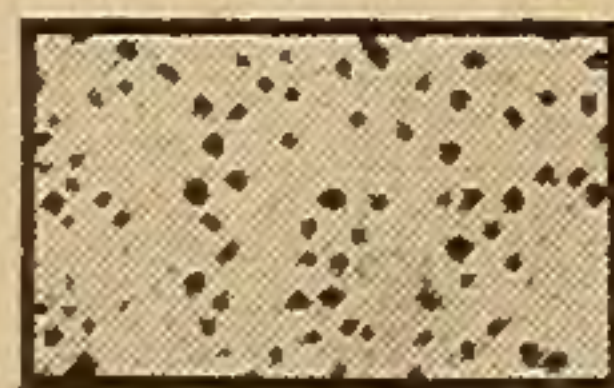


Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Conditions "Dull-Dry" Hair as it grooms!



CONTAINS LANOLIN! Relieves "shampoo-dry" hair and dry scalp! Keeps your hair in place...lustrous and well-groomed, *all day!*

Fitch Rose Hair Dressing now gives this amazing double-action care for your hair:

1. **FITCH** keeps wild, dry hair sleekly groomed all day!
2. **FITCH** conditions dry scalp as you groom your hair. Contains lanolin.

20,000,000 bottles sold every year. Get Fitch Rose Hair Dressing at toilet-goods counters everywhere.

FITCH WITH LANOLIN **ROSE HAIR DRESSING and BRILLIANTINE**

Also Famous Fitch Hair Oil—10¢

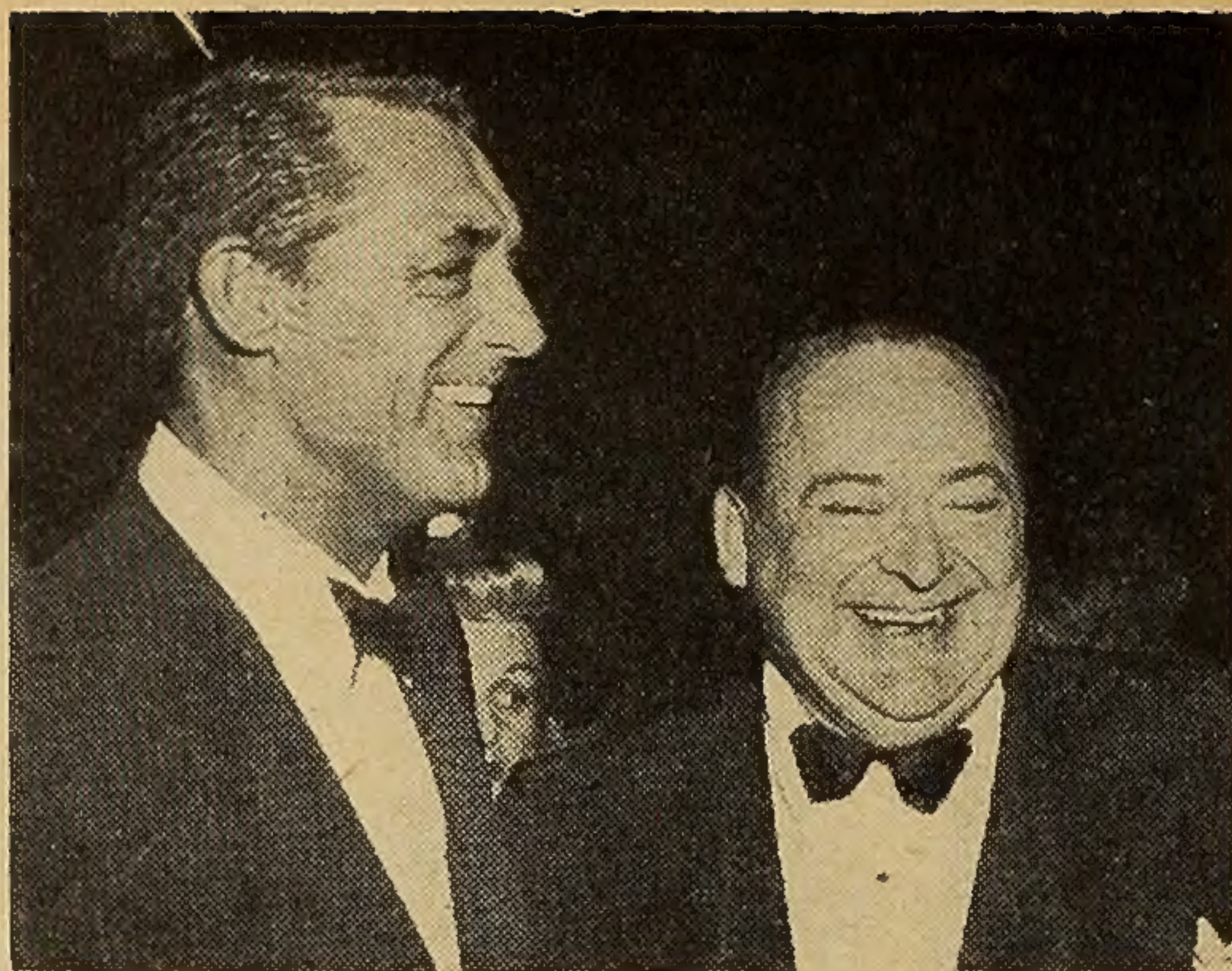
RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE • NEURALGIA NEURITIS



Here's Why . . . Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anacin gives **FAST, LONG LASTING** relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

NEED MONEY?
EARN \$50 . . . \$100 WEEKLY IN SPARE TIME!
Always something new . . . different . . . Amazing Assortments new Christmas Cards (with Golden Signatures); Holiday Gifts; Wraps and Ribbons; Stationery and Napkins; Name imprinted cards 40 for \$1.25 up; many other items. **FREE SAMPLES** personal items plus assortments on approval. **WRITE TODAY!**
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FREE! FREE!
Photo of Your Favorite **MOVIE STAR**
Big Bargain! . . . NOT small pocket size, but **LARGER, ACTUAL PORTRAIT**. Also **FREE!** Beautiful Catalog. **FREE!** Many additional pictures of popular stars on cover. **FREE!** Tells how to get HOME ADDRESSES, BIRTHDAYS, and PHOTOS of STARS HOMES. Send only 15¢ for handling (2 photos for 25¢). Rush to:
HOLLYWOOD FILM STAR CENTER
Box 2309, Dept. K-9, Hollywood 28, California



Cary Grant and Edward Arnold meet in the lobby at the opening of "Shane."



The Pat O'Briens and Helen Ferguson chat at "This Is Your Life" telecast.

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

health, figure back, all set to go in "A Star Is Born" at Warners and Cary Grant for her leading man. It's been a long, dry spell for both—no pictures for either of them in much too long a time.

June Allyson didn't let any grass grow under her feet after she departed from MGM. U-I grabbed her real fast for "The Glenn Miller Story," along with Jimmy Stewart. Think she's too tall for him?

Remember the captivating boy of "The Big Sky," Dewey Martin? Well, nothing happened in big chunks to him until MGM latched on to him for a prize fight type picture called "Tennessee Champ." It'll be nice to have him back in the game again.

That cute boy, Robert Wagner, finally

got back to town from Florida and "Twelve Mile Reef." He'll be a real true blond for his next one, "Prince Valiant" of the funnies. How come? My old pal Prince Val is a definite brunette. Seems like all that noise about R. W. and Terry Moore was just that—they're not in love, so there. But she's in the minority—most gals swoon.

The girl comedienne who is rocking this town, Mary McCarty, skipped right from the comedy lead in RKO's Technicolor model pic, "French Line," to Las Vegas, for a night club engagement. The Summer replacement on "Show Of Shows," Mary has been so busy working she hasn't had much chance to enjoy her new house with the swimming pool. RKO's also got great plans for Mary, if someone doesn't beat them to her with



Those lucky Skelton children! When Red's kids had a birthday party recently their daddy and Ken Murray dressed up as clowns and entertained the guests.



Don Taylor and his vivacious, blonde wife on an evening of fun at Ciro's.

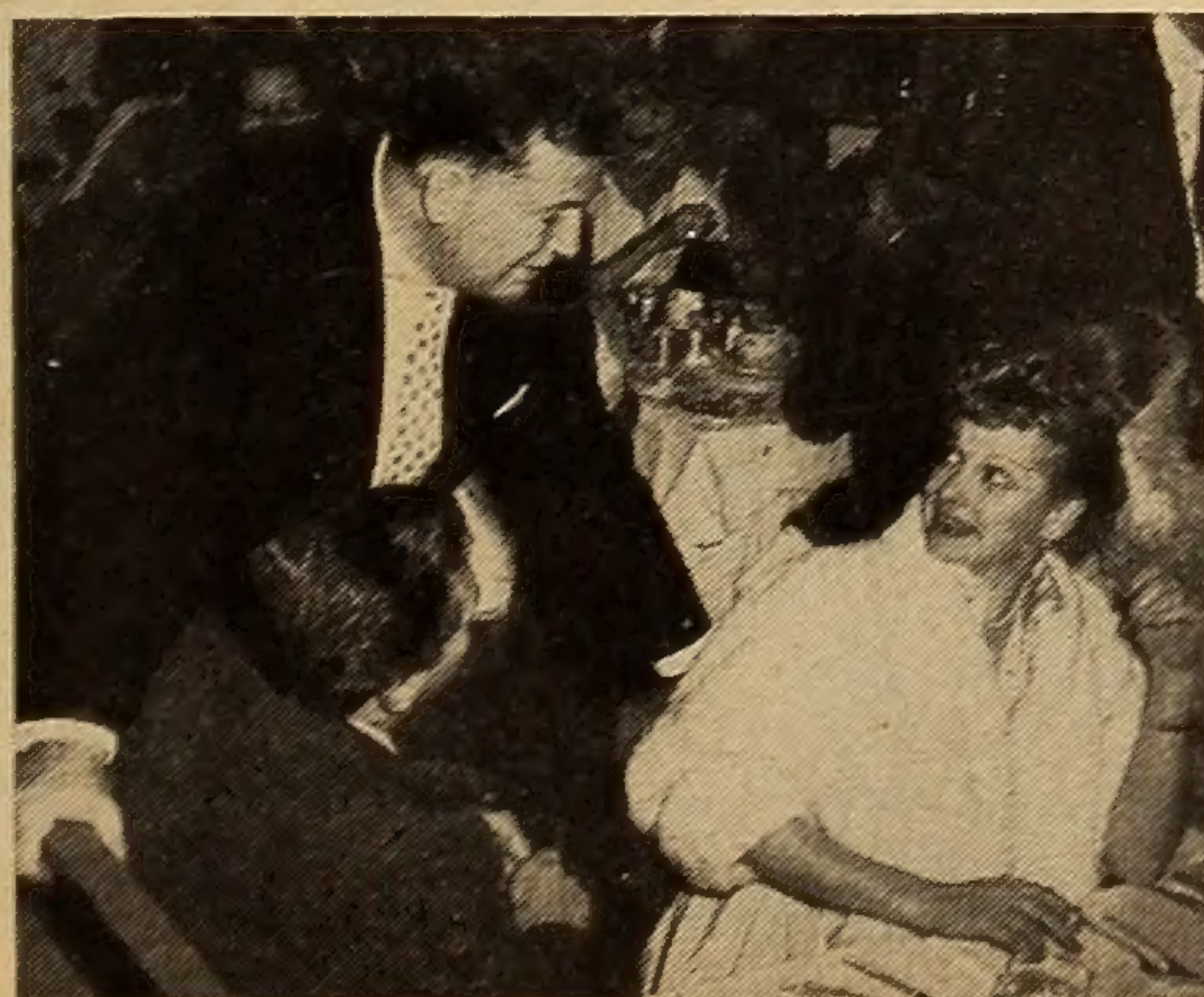
a big fat contract for future films.

Kind of quiet the way Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger reconciled—no public announcement, no statements of undying affection, just started appearing around together again and the news gradually seeped out that he was back in the family. Joan's young daughter, Melinda, is the newest heartbreaker around Hollywood—pretty girl and lots of courage, getting out and establishing herself career-wise without the family help.

Casey Adams had just about time to tip his hat to his favorite girl and bride-to-be, Marjie Millar, when she returned from a p.a. trip and TV stuff in New York. Because he, with two cuties, was just taking off for the same spot to do some personals for "Farmer Takes A Wife." The gals he took along are Charlotte Austin and Mary Anders, both in the
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)



The Dennis O'Keefes arrive at Romanoff's for a rare glamour spot visit.



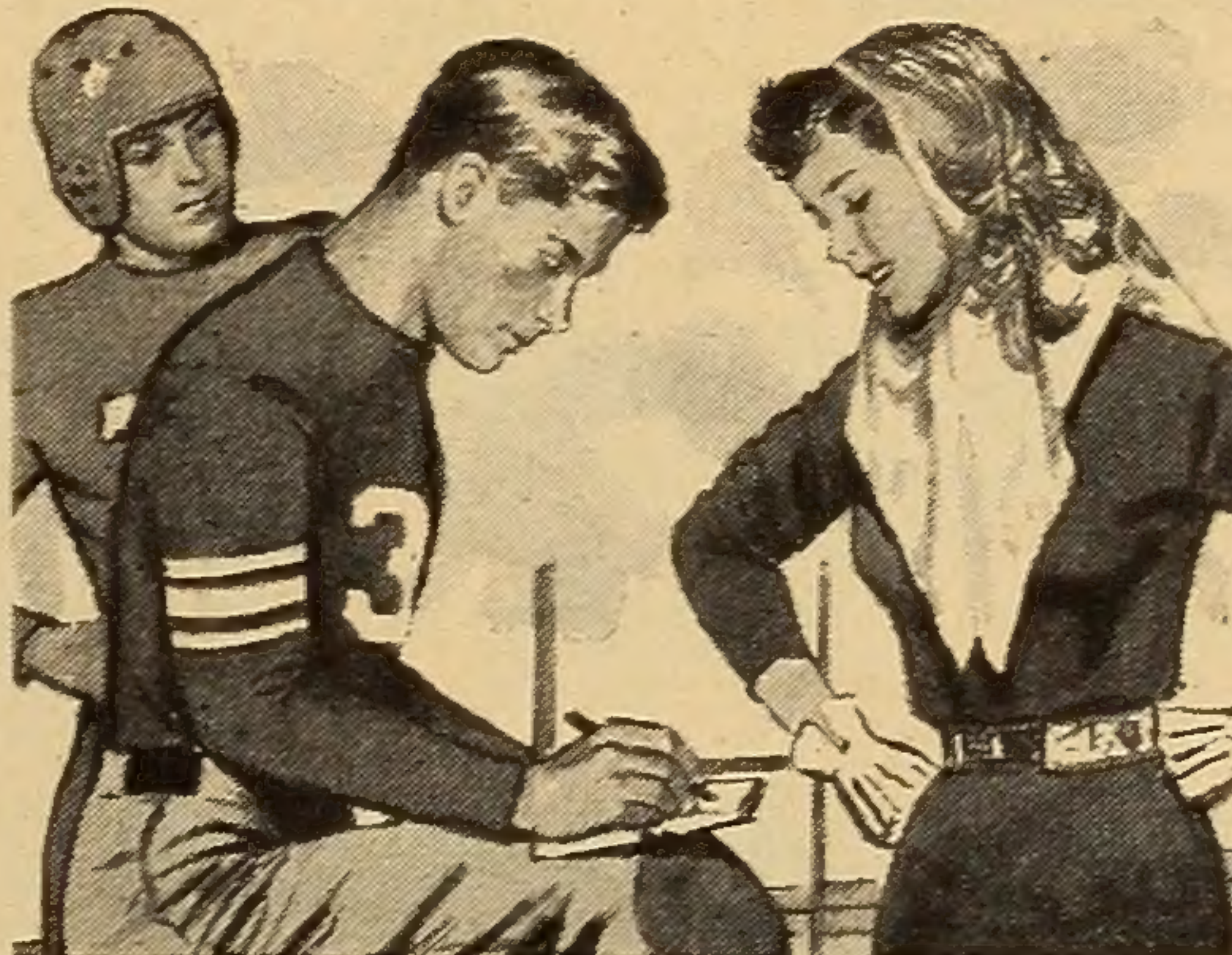
Jack Entratter, host of The Sands in Las Vegas, with Desi and Lucy Arnaz.



Are you in the know?

To start school with a bang—

☐ Be a hide-beater ☐ Gang up ☐ Try soloing
Don't let those hermit blues set in! Have you a special talent, hobby? Gang up with kindred souls who share it. Help with the school paper, or posters for the fall prom. Or, hop on the bandwagon (who knows—you might be a Rosemary, junior grade!). And don't let calendar cares nag you. With Kotex, you can beat off "outline" blues, for those flat pressed ends don't show—so, your public will never know!



Are these autographs likely to go—

☐ To her head ☐ Round her waist

A walking album—your scrapbook belt (new fun fashion)! Make-believe leather with vinyl plastic "window", it holds your heroes' autographs, snapshots—whatever suits your fancy. And here's something for your memory book: at problem time, you can choose a Kotex absorbency that suits you—*exactly*. Try Regular, Junior, Super.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



What's on a smart job-holder's mind?

☐ The future ☐ The clock ☐ New material
Your heart's set on a big-time career? Better keep your mind on the future instead of each visiting fireman. Show the boss you're dependable. Promotion-worthy. What's more, come "those days", don't count on heaven alone to protect the working gal. Choose Kotex! That safety center gives extra protection—and you get lasting comfort, for this softer Kotex holds its shape!

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

☐ Romeo & Juliet ☐ Kotex and Kotex Belts ☐ Moon 'n' June

Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic... they're designed to prevent curling, cutting, or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunkings; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two... for a change!



what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, long since divorced, were reunited at their son Norman's graduation from prep school. Between them is daughter, Ellen.

picture. They were rehearsing their act like crazy before the takeoff—first time out for any of them on the p.a. circuit. Charlotte, who has all the signs of being a cute little comedienne, is the daughter of old-time singer, Gene Austin.

Ann Sothorn, plenty hot now, since she made such a splash with her new TV show, still sees the town with Richard Egan (and who can blame her—didn't you fall for his rugged good looks in "Split Second"?) but she up and swears it's not romance. Ann's also chummy as anything with Gar Moore, so don't ask us which is top man in her life because we might just tell you.

Kind of unusual arrangement for John

Agar when he agreed to having a watchdog around during the filming of "Bait," the new Hugo Haas picture. John has a penchant for trouble and on account of Haas took a chance on him he was willing to have a fellow follow him around to see that he didn't give in to an unexpected impulse before he finished the picture. Everybody's pulling for Jack's success.

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh hardly got back in town from a slight vacation before Tony had to tear off to Honolulu for a picture. Janet stayed here to emote with Bob Wagner in "Prince Valiant." Lori Nelson, Tony's partner in "All American," doesn't like the butch haircut that he had to have for the picture.

Says she likes her men long-haired, see.

Well, everybody has to get in the act. Now it's Shelley Winters who has whipped up a night club routine for a Las Vegas bit. Shell's really wingin' these days with her husband back in town, her kid, and the prospect of a new-type career thing. But there are a few bets going around about what's going to happen when Vittorio goes back to Italy—will Shell give up her career to be with her boy? Hmmm?

Lot of excitement about Geraldine Page, the Broadway actress who made such a splash in "Midsummer." She's here to be John Wayne's leading lady in "Hondo" but the town didn't get so much as a gander at the girl because she flipped right down to Mexico for the flicker. She's a girl with real talent.



Tete-a-tete at Romanoff's the handsome Martins, Tony and Cyd Charisse.

Good deal for Marjorie Rambeau, who's been out of the picture biz for a few years because of a terrible accident that left her unable to walk without crutches. She's had three good parts in a row—Irvig Rapper spotted her in "Forever Female," later in "Scalpel," and she's just finished as Joan Crawford's mother in "Torch Song." All the parts were re-written for her so she wouldn't have to walk around.

Sounds funny but Johnny Ray is going to play the son of Dan Dailey in "There's No Business Like Show Business." This is the picture that will star Ethel Merman again—after the smash "Call Me Madam." Miss M. comes back a married lady—one of the best kept secrets this town has known. Ethel and airplane man Bob Six were married for five months before they let anybody know.

Little Joanne Gilbert can run a race anytime she wants to with Rosemary Clooney on the Paramount lot. Both gals have their own personal bicycles, which is to say, they are veddy important people now. Not everybody rates a wheel, you know.

Now they have to worry about horses in 3-D yet. Seems like their—well, the back part of them kind of sticks out into



Herman Hover, owner of Ciro's, was guest of honor at a hilarious "Flapper Age" costume party for which Mitzi Gaynor and Rosemarie dressed a la 1920's.



Keefe Brasselle, star of "The Eddie Cantor Story," and Mrs. B. at Ciro's.

the audience if they're not handled properly. From now on, U-I has a rule that the nags either have to be in the background or facing toward the patrons and the patrons can just hope the four-footed actors don't catch cold and sneeze.

Merv Griffin, boy singer who used to warble with Freddie Martin's band but is now an actor fellow at Warners (with Katie Grayson in "So This Is Love"), treated himself to a very costly specially designed automobile (21 grand it cost him). Which is heaps more than what he used to ride around in—busses—are worth. Merv is seeing the country and enjoying the feeling of piloting his own hack instead of sharing a vehicle

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)



Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross in the throng at CBS-TV's Coronation Party.

New Long-Lasting Lipstick Won't Smear Off— Stays On All Day Long!



Won't Smear Off—
When You Eat, Smoke!



Won't Smear Off—
When You Dress!



Won't Smear Off—
When You Kiss!

It's Sweeping the Country! Amazing No-Smear Lipstick
Won't Eat Off—Won't Bite Off—Won't Kiss Off!

YOU'LL LOVE IT! And he'll love you more if you wear Hazel Bishop's amazing no-smear lipstick! Because this is the lipstick that won't come off on cups, napkins, cigarettes—or on his collar!

Put it on in the morning or evening and forget about it! Hazel Bishop Lipstick stays on and on—until you yourself easily cream or wash it off! Yes, it outlasts other lipsticks 4 to 5 times, yet costs no more!

No other lipstick is so creamy, so long-lasting! Get Hazel Bishop Lipstick at your favorite cosmetic counter today! 8 wonderful shades.

Hazel Bishop
No-Smear Lipstick

Today—America's Largest-Selling Lipstick!



Honeybugs®

Something different —
Nubby Bouclé

Really fun to slide your feet into —
nubby bouclé Jester with a tuxedo collar...
just perfect for peaceful evenings at-home.
Sizes 4 to 9 in many style-right colors.

399

Perspiration and odor-resistant PEDI-PURE Lining for health and daintiness.



Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse bring something new to the screen in their ultra-modern satiric dance on the popular

murder mystery novels of today. It's the climax of their spectacular Technicolor musical, MGM's "The Band Wagon."

Your guide to **current films**

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill



Friend Mary Jo Tarole tries to hide her feelings as Victor Mature and his wife, Jean Simmons, discuss their marital status in "Affair With A Stranger."

The Band Wagon

JUMP on "The Band Wagon" for an evening of spritely entertainment, for that master craftsman, Fred Astaire, is up to his shiny toe-tapping best. Astaire, a song and dance man, returns to New York since Hollywood has pegged him a former great. Back on Broadway, he meets the writing team of Nanette Fabray and Oscar Levant, who tell him they have scripted the ideal musical for him. Amusing problems present themselves when Jack Buchanan, ably playing a Broadway genius, decides to direct, produce and rewrite the musical so it's a modern day version of "Faust." The staging is further complicated by the fact that they've chosen ballerina Cyd Charisse for Astaire's dancing partner. Both Cyd and Fred are afraid they can't dance together, she being from the ballet and he from the fast-paced tap world. The try-out flops, but when Astaire takes over and reverts to the original story line they have a hit and he has a new love in Cyd. Highlights of this Technicolor Arthur Freed production include Astaire's solo on a shoe shine stand in a penny arcade . . . the triplet number where Fred, Nanette Fabray, and Buchanan dance on their knees . . . and the imaginative climax, "Girl Hunt," where Astaire makes like a musical private eye. The picture is directed with a light, gay touch by Vincente Minnelli. **MGM.**



Dawn Addams tells off William Holden in "The Moon Is Blue," racy comedy.



Gunman Bob Taylor holds fascination for Ava Gardner in "Ride, Vaquero."

The Moon Is Blue

WILLIAM Holden and David Niven's wooing of Maggie McNamara provides the amusing theme of this adult comedy of the battle of the sexes. Much of the racy overtones and flip dialogue of the N.Y. stage play have been retained by Director Otto Preminger. Although during most of the action, Maggie proclaims a preference for necking, like most strategists she manages to capture Holden in the traditional orange blossom ceremony. Film, which is a real rib-tickler, finds Holden and Niven battling it out for comedy honors, with Miss McNamara and impish Dawn Addams (as Niven's daughter) adding immeasurably to the fun. United Artists.

Affair With A Stranger

WHEN Vic Mature begins to stray from home and wife Jean Simmons, a gossip columnist prints they are planning a divorce. How the announcement is received by the couple, their friends and potential homewrecker, Monica Lewis, comprises the story line of the Robert Sparks production. Mature plays a self-styled writer, Miss Simmons his model-wife, and Jane Darwell, Wally Vernon, Mary Jo Tarola and Olive Carey, their well-meaning friends. It's a drawing room comedy, which provides quite a few chuckles while cutting up the proverbial romantic triangle. **RKO**

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)



The "moisture shield" in new Fresh is a gentle, extra-effective astringent that acts just like an invisible shield... to protect your clothes from perspiration stains, stop embarrassing odor.



Ball gown by Edith Small. Her deodorant, new Fresh

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New  keeps you Lovely to Love Always



Yvonne Furneaux, wounded helping him escape the Redcoats, confesses to Errol Flynn it was she who betrayed him in Warners' "The Master Of Ballantrae."

The White Witch Doctor

THERE'S enough spine-tingling action in this Otto Lang production to spill over into a serial. There's never a dull moment. When nurse Susan Hayward arrives in the Belgian Congo to join a missionary group, local authority Walter Slezak assigns Robert Mitchum to escort her into the interior. Although he is hostile about guiding Susan, he agrees when Slezak points out that this will get him safely into the forbidden Bakuba country, where it is believed there is a fabulous gold collection. As the safari progresses, Mitchum sees Susan subdue a witch doctor, stop an epidemic and save a chief's son. When the boy again becomes ill because of witch doctor interference, Susan is held captive. It is then that Mitchum realizes he loves her and faces the decision of whether to sacrifice his quest for gold or her life. From here on, it's topnotch acting with lots of thrill sequences. 20th Century-Fox.

Houdini

THE spellbinding effect of *Houdini's* numerous escape acts, plus the likable teaming of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, provides a happy blending for this George Pal production. Tony as *Houdini* begins his career as part-time wildman-magician in a carnival. When the "wildman" starts acting too tame towards a girl in the audience (*Janet Leigh*), he loses his job, but wins her affection. They are married and she joins his act. From here on, the film becomes a narrative of some of the magician's greatest tricks—including his escape from a safe, from the Tower of London and from under the ice-caked Detroit River. Curtis's dexterity, plus the behind-the-scenes preparations for the

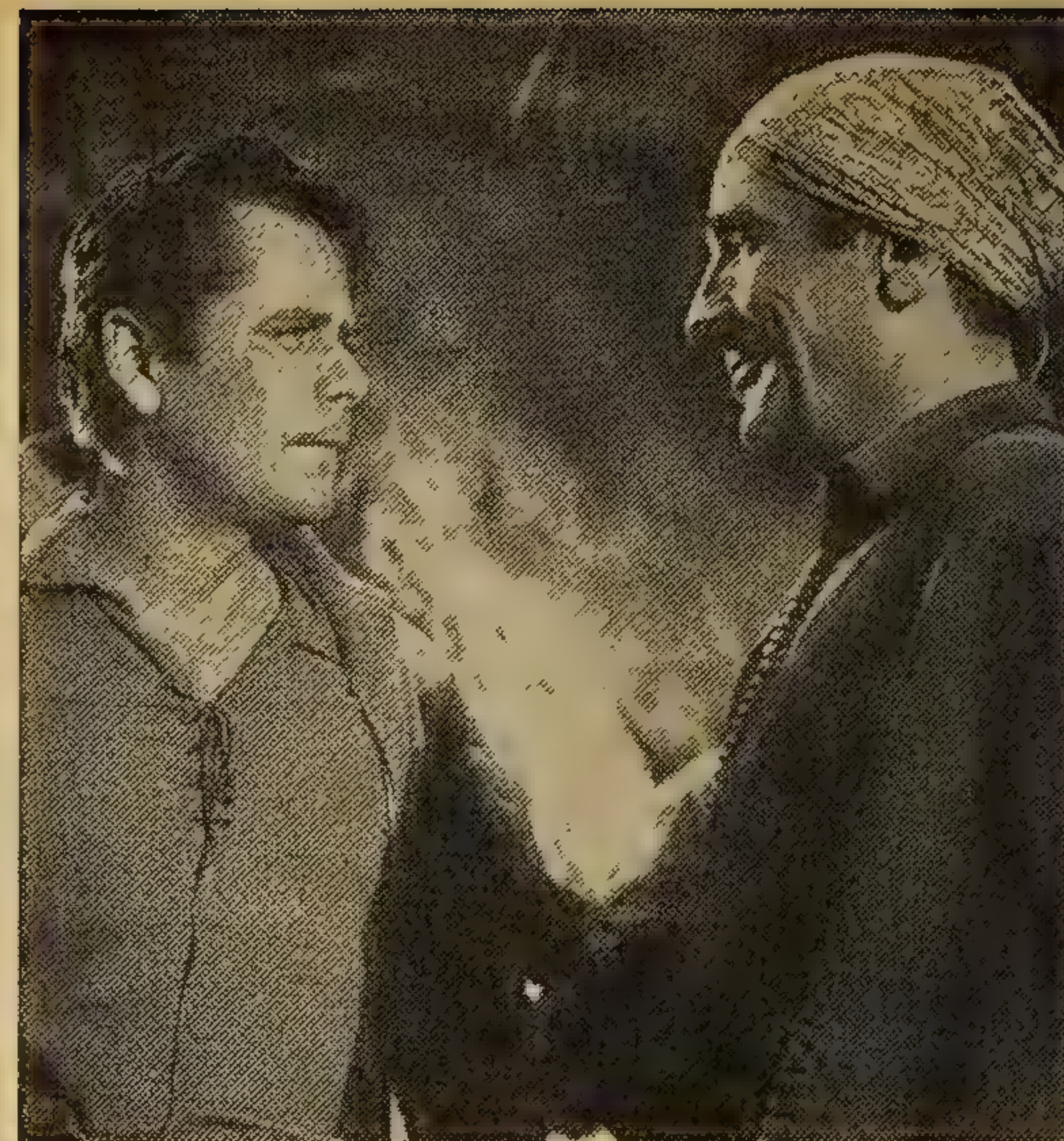
death-defying stunts provides the movie with an unmistakable fascination. Paramount.

South Sea Woman

THE Marines always have the situation well in hand—and when the object is Virginia Mayo, who's to blame them? Marine Sgts. Burt Lancaster and Chuck Connors are on leave in Shanghai, when Connors sees Virginia, a nightclub photographer, and determines to marry her. Lancaster is against the merger, and while trying to break up the romance, his company ships out without him and Connors. The resulting action finds the boys, accompanied by Virginia, in a series of misadventures stemming from their inability to catch up with the Marines. The story's premise, which is highly improbable, still provides enough interest and imagination for lighthearted entertainment. Warner Brothers.

Man From The Alamo

RANCHER Glenn Ford deserts the fighting at the Alamo to warn his family and neighbors of the approaching Mexican Army. He arrives too late, for the entire town, including his wife and son, has been wiped out. An eye-witness to the massacre, 11-year-old Butch Cavell, tells him it was not General Santa Ana, but Victor Jory and a group of white men masquerading as Mexicans who rampaged the town. While seeking a home for Butch, Ford finds only Julia Adams willing to help the youngster, for word of the Alamo's fall and Ford's desertion is beginning to be circulated. Realizing that no one will believe his true motive, Ford launches his own private and hazardous crusade against Jory. Before his revenge is complete he par-



Glenn Ford meets with outlaw leader Victor Jory in "Man From The Alamo."



Susan Hayward and Robert Mitchum in love scene in "White Witch Doctor."



Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis in their first co-starring picture, "Houdini."



Marine Burt Lancaster and night club photographer Virginia Mayo have rough time in court after a series of misadventures together in "South Sea Woman."

ticipates in some of the most grueling action footage ever filmed. Especially noteworthy is a knife fight staged in the path of stampeding horses. **Universal-International.**

Arrowhead

CAVALRY scout Charlton Heston, wise to the ways of the 'murderous Apaches, unsuccessfully tries to warn his company commander, Lewis Martin, of the Indians' treacherous customs. Martin, intent on effecting a peace treaty with the tribe, refuses to heed Heston's warning. When he and his troops are wiped out, much of the blame falls on Heston as scout. Especially bitter is Mary Sinclair, wife of a dead officer, who is secretly in love with Heston. When a new truce is proposed by the succeeding commander, Brian Keith, he is again warned of treachery, particularly by tribe's leader, Jack Palance. Again the warning goes unheeded and the troops are imperiled, until Heston manages to surprise Palance and force him at knife point into a blood brother pact. Entertaining fare, that has Technicolor, action and lots of outdoor scenery. **Paramount.**

The Master of Ballantrae

ERROL Flynn is back in his swashbuckling stride with an account of two brothers who flip a coin to see which will become a rebel to fight for the Stuarts and which will remain loyal to the crown. Flynn and his nobleman brother, Anthony Steel, feel that by being represented on both sides their vast holdings at Ballantrae will be safe. It is Errol who becomes the Stuart rebel and leaves his fiancée, Beatrice Campbell, and his legacy in the keeping of his brother. When the Stuart troops are defeated, Flynn becomes an outlaw and appeals to his

brother for money to escape the country. Instead, he is almost captured by the king's troops, whom Flynn believes were notified by Steel. He vows revenge, but by the time he gets enough money as a pirate to assert himself, things have already worked themselves out. Film offers an appropriate springboard for the usual Flynn heroics, lavish production values and some interesting photographic effects. **Warner Brothers.**

Ride, Vaquero!

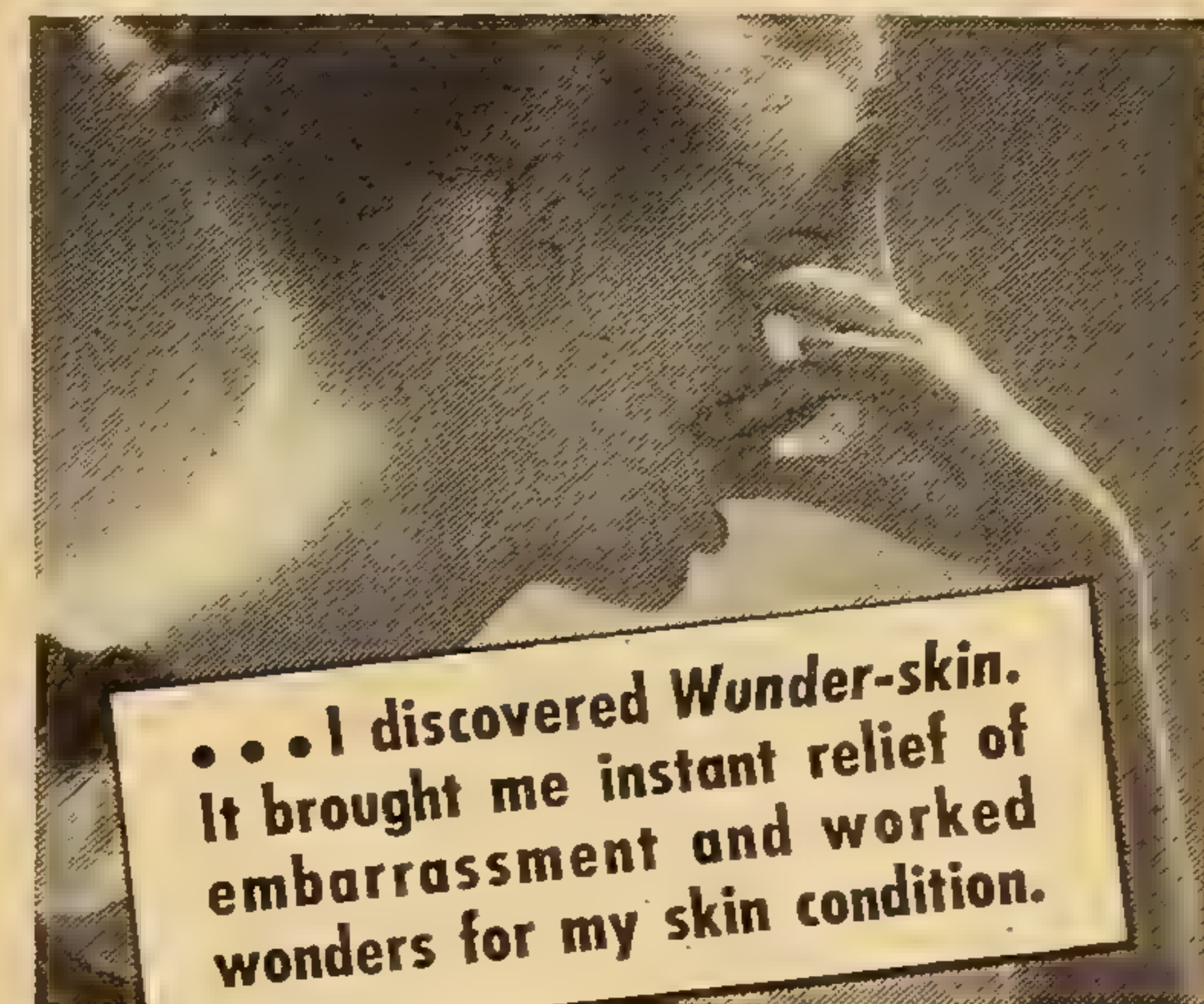
EVERYONE seems to have some kind of a complex in this story of pioneer homesteaders. Bob Taylor is a hired gunman who hates his lot, Ava Gardner a Southern belle who married for security, and Howard Keel, her husband who has ambitions of becoming a land baron. The only one without any phobias is Taylor's adopted brother, bandit Anthony Quinn, who admits he's just a no good guy. Conflict flares immediately when Quinn realizes that homesteaders Ava and Howard represent the law and are a threat to his plundering raids. He declares war on them. Taylor manages to volley back and forth on both sides until his stepbrother forces him to make his fatal choice. Picture is a psychological Western that depends more on mood than action. It was directed by John Farrow and it's in Ansco color. **MGM.**

The Last Posse

BY-PASSING the usual guitar twanging and cattle stampedes, here's an off-beat Western that keeps its stars engaged in an almost continual chase. When Charles Bickford and adopted son John Derek are robbed of \$100,000 by some ranch hands, they form a posse headed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

with a whole bunch of musicians.

Those pink undies that fly from the raft Burt Lancaster and Virginia Mayo occupy in "South Sea Woman" were supposed to be her own—but hers were so dainty and small that the wardrobe department had to whip up an oversized pair so they could be seen as a distress signal. Well, sir.

From "Salome" to "Sadie Thompson" to "Mary Magdalene" is quite a switch but Princess Rita is the girl who picks up all these marbles. Just as soon as she stops being the gaudy Sadie Thompson in the picture of the same name, her highness steps into "The Story Of Mary Magdalene."

Well, they burned down the old jailhouse at U-I the other day. It's the same old jail that was used in the days of Tom Mix, John Barrymore, Hoot Gibson, Douglas Fairbanks, etc., etc. Last one in was Van Heflin for "Wings Of The Hawk," but he got out before the fire started. It was not Van's fault—the historic old building (circa 1923) had a bad case of termites so it had to go.

Wait'll you get a load of this Pat Crowley, who debuts in Paramount's "Forever Female." This little gal wants to be known as a siren-type because she doesn't believe girls get very far in the acting game if they're cookie makers and house-tidiers. She's so right—does Marilyn Monroe cook?

John Barrymore, Jr., got a bundle of money from an inheritance and promptly bought himself and bride a new home. He needed part of the money for the police, too. Got a traffic ticket, went to

pay it, paid, walked out and got tagged again for jaywalking.

Funny gag Jan Sterling and Coleen Gray whipped up to play on John Payne. While the three were making "The Vanquished," John had a day off but the girls didn't. They got into cahoots with the prop department and had John's dressing room door sprayed all over with cobwebs. Inside the room, a vase full of withered flowers. John allowed he was just as glad he got back because they might have thought about moths next.

Some chatter going on over "The Moon Is Blue." It's too blue for a lot of people, apparently, but it's an awful lot of fun and very adult and if you go to see it you'll find Maggie McNamara a delightful new personality.

For the "Red Garters" musical at Paramount, dolls Rosie Clooney, Pat Crowley and Joanne Gilbert wear very brief chorus girl type clothing. Walking around the lot, they distracted the male workers so that they were finally requested to wear neck-to-toe smocks. So they did.

With all the dates Don and Gwen O'Connor had after their bustup, they got better acquainted than when they were Mr. and Mrs. It's too bad they decided on a divorce.

Ruth Roman, on location in Mexico for "Blowing Wild," had herself a nice wild time at her first bull fight. She wanted a good seat, so she got one in the front row. So a bull went a little wild, tried to climb the fence and sit in her lap. Miss R. wasn't having any and scurried off just like the rest of the customers to a safe place until El Toro got back where he belonged.

END



Gary Cooper, French star Martine Carol, Italy's Gina Lollobrigida and Greg Peck hold their "Samothrace Victory" statues, French version of the Oscar.



Danton Walker

PAULETTE GODDARD visited her N. Y. bank safety deposit vault three days in a row and spent a full three hours every morning. Upon arrival and departure she was met by a battery of lawyers and other legal aides for lengthy confabs. Quite the biggest mystery in town . . .

Steve Cochran ducked a raft of upper crust society functions, arranged in his honor by leading socialite hostesses, in favor of joining a group of old cronies on a tour of off-beat Greenwich Village night clubs—the Bon Soir, Village Vanguard and El Chico. Rugged Steve preferred tooting around town in informal attire rather than don “soup and fish” for the Park Avenue soirees. For each swank party he skipped, he sent mammoth bouquets of roses to his would-be party-givers, along with his regrets advising them he was “too exhausted” to accept their hospitality . . .

Diana Lynn made daily visits to the Central Park Zoo in time for the noontime feedings of the seals and monkeys and always was followed by several dozen admirers who saw to it she had a ringside view of the proceedings. As a treat for her fans’ kindness, Diana hired a fleet of horse-and-buggy cabs, eleven all told, and the entire entourage clip-clopped through the park on a three-hour whirl with Diana in the lead rig . . .

Danton Walker's

HOLLYWOOD

ON

BROADWAY



A gay Gotham whirl behind her, Pier Angeli joins Producer Joe Pasternak, Lana Turner, Dir. Richard Brooks in Rome.



John Wayne, dining with Cobina Wright and Pilar Palette, doesn't mind the interruption when a fan asks for autograph.

CELESTE HOLM almost stepped back into the leading role in “The King And I” on short notice when the musical play’s star, Constance Carpenter, was suddenly stricken with an attack of indigestion while the understudy was also indisposed. Miss Carpenter recovered in time for her performance (opposite Yul Brynner), but Celeste was still hovering backstage as the curtain went up, just in case. Having starred in the musical for six weeks a year ago, while the late Gertrude Lawrence was vacationing, Celeste figured she could give an impromptu performance in an emergency. And knowing Celeste, we’d say she could too!

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

Jack Benny seems to be in a tizzy as he converses with Mervyn LeRoy. Jack wants Lena Horne to do a film with him.





Ben Gage puts a loving arm around Esther Williams, soon to be a mother again, as they enter theatre to see "Young Bess."

HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

(CONTINUED)

Eddie Fisher, Vic Damone and Johnnie Ray were a merry trio at the same table the night singer Rusty Draper made his Gotham debut at La Vie En Rose. Draper, a West Coast favorite from San Francisco, gave vocal impressions of his three friends sitting at ringside and the uncanny take-off rocked the audience, particularly the Messrs. Fisher, Damone and Ray . . .

Before leaving for Hollywood, Ethel Merman tossed an elegant luncheon party in honor of Betty Grable at the Stork Club. Guests included Jan Sterling, Arlene Dahl, Gwen Verdon, Tony Martin, Cyd Charisse and John Lund. Ever since Betty and The Merm appeared in the same Broadway musical, "DuBarry Was A Lady," they've remained close personal friends. Now with Ethel Merman signed to star on Betty's Hollywood home lot, 20th Cen-



Mona Freeman and new escort, Greg Bautzer, in deep huddle with their table companions during supper party at Mocambo.



At Mocambo after premiere of "Young Bess," Stewart Granger, Jean Simmons and Spencer Tracy hash over the film.

Paulette Goddard's daily visits to her bank where she was met by battery of lawyers, was big town's biggest mystery.



tury-Fox, in future Technicolor filmusicals, they're trying to cook up a scheme whereby they might appear in the same movie together. The Stork Club get-together looked like the beginning of that very same plot . . .

RICHARD GREENE and his "Dial M For Murder" leading lady, Faith Brooks, were inseparable during his first New York vacation in years. "Dickie," as he is called by friends, by-passed many former pals because his romantic doings around town with Miss Brooks were supervised by her. She arranged everything—the places they dined, the friends they met, his tailoring appointments and the on-time scheduled visits to his hotel barber shop . . .

Wendell Corey almost slugged a noisy patron at the Blue Angel during a performance of Alice Pearce, comedienne and long-time friend of Corey and his wife. The inebriated customer was willing to pick a fight until the screen star stood up. That stopped (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)



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**Bing Crosby's love for Paris is understandable
for only there is he able to go about unhampered, unhindered and
eighty percent of the time, unrecognized**

BING'S *FLING*

BY MARIA RUESEL (In Paris)



With female caddies at Monte Carlo golf club. Bing found golfing more relaxing in Ireland.



Bing joins French actress Martine Carol in selling tickets for veterans' charity bazaar.

"MAN—PARIS! It's the greatest," Bing was saying. "It's free. The air's free." Literally, Bing was saying—it's the first time since he was stricken with fame that he could go about unhampered, unhindered, and eighty percent of the time, unrecognized. It's a great relief not to be a sensation every time you venture out. Bing fell head over heels in love with Paris when he found that Parisians were not Der Bingle conscious. (*How Bob Hope envied that!*) He could stroll along the Champs Elysees, sip coffee at a sidewalk cafe and sun himself in the park and no one said a word. Except that one time when the gendarme threatened Bing with the pokey until Bing finally understood that you have to pay a small fee of two francs to sit in the public park. From then on Paris was clear sailing. And this year—ooh, la-la!

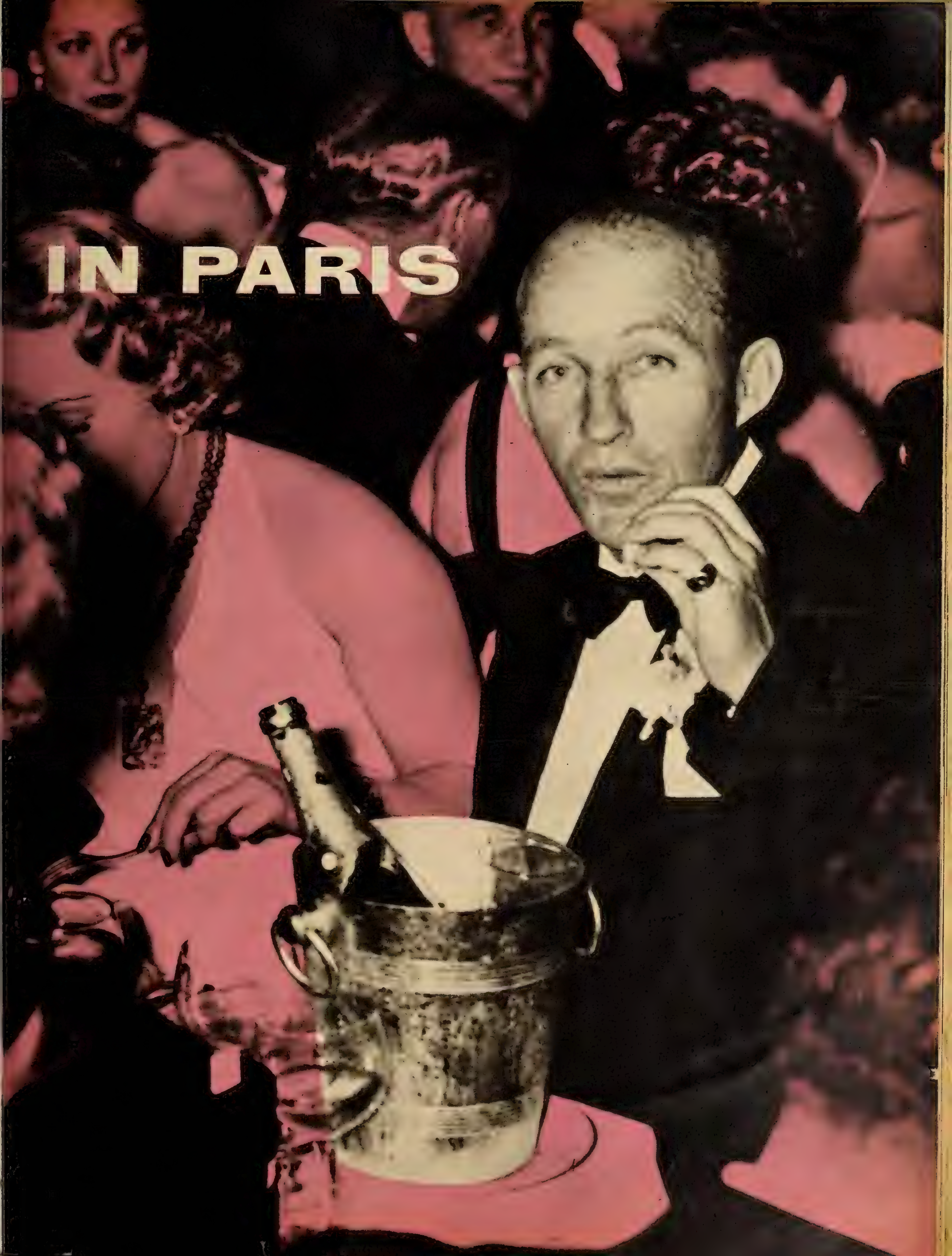
Bing with a French beret instead of his straw topper whizzing by the Arc de Triomphe in his fire engine red Mercedes Benz—Bing at the Folies Bergere surrounded backstage by the Parisian cuties clamoring, "Take us to Hollywood, Beeing!" Bing at Longchamps—Bing at the Ritz—at Maxim's—astonished, delighted Parisians' exclamations, "That was Beeing Crrrosby!" And whenever Bing's feminine admirers did salute him too persistently, his sixteen-year-old son, Lindsay, was there "chaperoning his old man," as Bing said.

One night at the White Elephant, a favorite bistro of the International set, Bing even stole the spotlight away from King Farouk, Aly Khan and Gene Tierney. He was with a group of friends and when the crowd recognized him they shouted, "Sing Monsieur Crosby!" And he did. Bing sang "Blue Skies" and a dozen more, and the elegant White Elephant went wild with applause.

He danced with the glamorous Marchesa de Partago and with Queen Alexandra herself. They were both in his party. And then they all sat sipping champagne and talking about Paris and Bing was telling about the grand fling he'd had, not with the beauties of the Folies Bergere, or the can-can cuties in Montmartre—but with his youngest offspring, and (CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

At a brilliant Paris ball. Bing devoted most of his time, however, to his young son, Lindsay. ►

IN PARIS





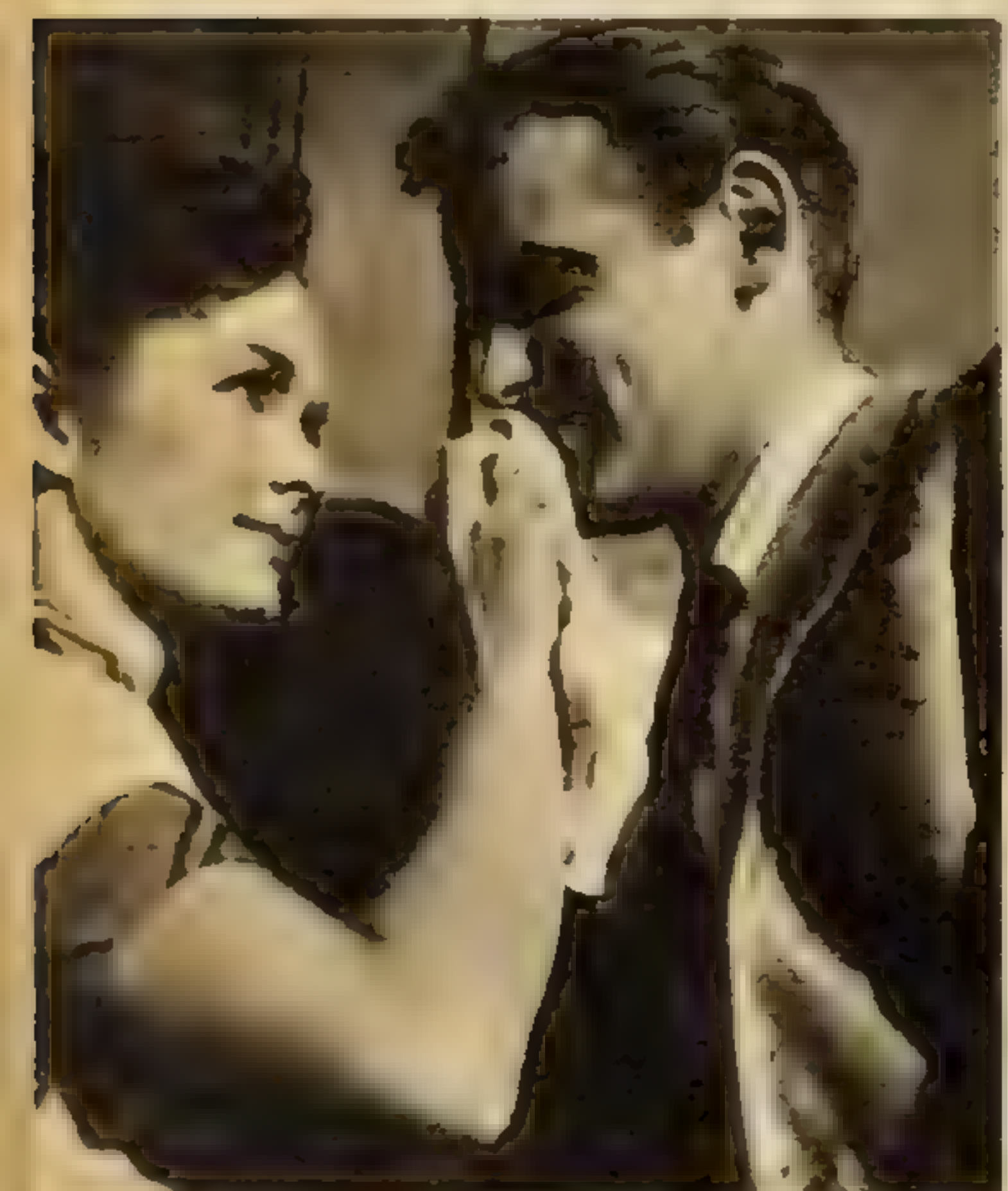
With Rexford Alan Phillips.



At Ciro's with Carleton Carpenter.

Impetuous males are no problem to Debbie Reynolds, who seems to have found the key to safe and sound dating

BY JACK HOLLAND



No telltales for Bob Fosse.



A date with Robert Wagner.

If a girl as popular as Debbie Reynolds is in Hollywood can enjoy a date and keep her integrity and decency, certainly a girl in any other town can do just as well. It isn't, after all, where you live—it's what you, yourself, are really after and honestly want. You can wrestle or be smart. It's up to you.

WHEN DO YOU MAKE HIM STOP?

YOU'RE out with a guy, he's making with the sweet talk, he's heading towards *that* parking place, he parks, leans towards you and you know what he's got on his mind.

This, young lady, is where you have to know how to get out of a spot.

The business of putting the brakes on the impetuous male is not a new problem. Every girl who has dated has had to call on her wiles and wits to meet a situation. Dates may be fun, but they can also be headaches to the young lady who still is hanging on to a few desirable virtues.

Hollywood actresses have the same problems to meet as those of any girl in any town. Some have learned when to get the man to stop.

Debbie Reynolds is one young lady who seems to have found the key to safe and sound dating. She has discovered that if a girl is interesting as a personality, if she has self-respect, a gentleman isn't too likely to turn suddenly into a wolf. And she has found that if a girl keeps her sense of values uppermost in her mind there is usually no problem.

Of all the young stars in Hollywood,

Debbie has probably kept her head better than anyone you can think of. The fellows she dates know she isn't in the mood for anything serious, that there's no desire on her part for any heavy romance, so they treat her with the respect she naturally commands. With Debbie, they know she's the kind of a girl who can get a kick out of little things like eating popcorn at a movie, having a ride on a roller coaster, eating a hamburger instead of marching off to some club. Because she finds a real zest in living and in being young, she doesn't have to seek out vicarious pleasures.

IN MOST cases, if a girl finds herself in a parked car with a guy with too much amour on his mind, she very likely has herself to blame. She has probably given the man a few wrong ideas during the evening by her actions. Possibly she tried to be sultry and glamorous by wearing too much siren-like make-up. Or maybe she dressed in such a way as to create a false impression. Undoubtedly, she was unnecessarily coy and flirtatious or was a tease. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 55)

Of the young stars in Hollywood, Debbie has kept her head better than anyone. ►



There are strange, inconsistent rumors circulating on Linda Darnell's loves. Now at last she breaks her silence about her private life

By DENNY SHANE

LINDA'S HECTIC

"I've been entangled since I was born," says Linda, now linked with several men.



"Of course I love him," Linda says about Giuseppe Amato.



LOVE LIFE

LINDA DARNELL came to Hollywood with the looks of a sensuous woman and the heart of a little girl. She was only a teen-ager and her life was an open book. She loved gayety and there was no secret about her popularity and her dates. When she was courted and won by Pev Marley, the cameraman who personally supervised all her tests and guided her camera behavior, that was no surprise. She lived out in the open.

Today, Linda Darnell surrounds herself with such a steep wall of privacy that Hollywood is baffled by her and retorts with rumors. One hears a strange and inconsistent assortment of tales.

One story has it that Linda is lonely and disturbed. Another guesses at a big romance with a secret love. A third and much publicized tale is that she is madly in love with the Italian movie producer, Giuseppe Amato, and has bought a fabulous home on the outskirts of Rome, where she will live permanently to be near him. Still another story has Linda dating nightly a wealthy and persistent Chicago business man.

"That's one of the funniest of all," Linda grinned up at me. She was leaning down to slip into some comfy, low-heeled slippers after coming off a long session in high heels on the set of "Second Chance," at RKO. "I read in the paper that I was having a mad whirl here in Hollywood with Milton Stevenson of Chicago. The truth is," she revealed, "that his car may have been spotted outside my house any number of times after our first date, although we've never seen each other since.

"What happened," she explained, "is that my maid and Mr. Stevenson's chauffeur took one look at each other the night Milton and I had the date—and his chauffeur started courting my maid!"

Linda postscripted her story with an afterthought. "Milton was very nice. Unfortunately when he called me a couple of times after that I was out of (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

But loving her freedom, Linda dates Cy Bartlett, too.



And is escorted to an opening by Bill Dozier.



Linda Darnell's screen love life is hectic, too.





Jeanne's eye-catching quality is not her sensational figure, the change in the color of her hair, but rather the new person she has studiously become. "A man, above everything else, wants a good-natured woman!"

it's easy to Catch A Man's Eye

IN THIS last year Jeanne Crain, who catches a man's eye quicker than most females, has become Hollywood's favorite legend of glamour. Fabulous is the one word most frequently used these days, in describing her. It isn't her sensational figure, nor is it simply the change in the color of her hair, but rather the new person she has studiously become. Now everyone who wants to be sure of a party's success endeavors to get Jeanne as a guest. Her arrival guarantees the occasion. An invitation from her, as well, is equally treasured. Although the mother of four children, she still knows how to catch a man's eye and just how she does it is worth following.

Always she is stunning. Her face has a haunting loveliness. She sets styles with her flair for the smartest clothes, but never is a cold, high-fashion type model. There's no trace of artificiality. Always warmth and understanding. Glances given her, by men and women alike, reflect overall admiration and approval. But it isn't merely Jeanne's appearance, but rather her personality.

When you talk to Jeanne, you leap into a fascinating conversation for surprisingly, she's anything but monotonously one-track. She's gay or serious, depending on the mood of the listener of the moment. Her sensitive awareness of your personal interests and deep feelings creates a lasting bond. As she speaks you soon discover her intelligence and genuine sweetness make her an exciting human being. She views life and love as a closely entwined, magnificent adventure not to be missed. Vividly, she applies what she has learned so far. Her attraction is specific. No normal male can keep his eyes, however well guarded, off Jeanne.

YET, with it all, Jeanne has remained a dream wife to her own husband and this is a romantic, realistic achievement far more difficult than the temporary attachments you read about in various gossip columns.

How did Jeanne get this enviable, wonderful joy of living that spills over when you're with her? When does she have time to accomplish so much? What does a girl have to do to become (CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

**THE REAL SECRET, ACCORDING
TO JEANNE CRAIN,
IS NOT IN THE APPEAL OF YOUR
FIGURE, BUT RATHER IN
THE MAGIC OF YOUR
CHARM AND PERSONALITY**

By **TEX LEE**



At Cinerama preem with hubby Paul Brinkman. She hates her "sweet little thing" reputation.



"Glamour is not a veil you mysteriously throw over your real self only when you go out."



I'M ALL MIXED UP!

"I thought I knew what I wanted," admits Dale Robertson. "Now I'm not so sure I do"

By VINCENT ROGERS

ONCE there was a youngster—tall, lanky and handsome—who said in a strong Oklahoma drawl, "I'm in Hollywood for only one reason. I want to get me enough money to buy a horse ranch. After that I'm clearing out."

His name was Dale Robertson, and you didn't see him in night clubs, or duded-up in tails and white tie at a party, or sitting in a box for the horse racing. It wasn't that he was exclusive or hiding under a rock somewhere. You could find him easily—at home with his young wife. Most every night.

Maybe they'd be having a few friends in for the evening or fooling around the backyard, and their friends were just people—like the owner of a restaurant, or a couple of standins with their wives.

And when you talked to Dale Robertson—which was mighty easy to do in those days—he'd tell you, "I figure if I have five to seven years in this business, I'll think I'm lucky. In the meantime, I'm preparing for the day when it ends."

It's all different now—or is it? Has Dale Robertson really gone Hollywood, or is he the same casual guy he always was, but buried under the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)



In somewhat of a trance with Marilyn Monroe at charity ball game. His marriage has been series of misunderstandings.

Dale's success, the adulation of fans, his absence from home, has his wife fed up.





how to avoid that Married Look



By TOM CARLSON

HOLLYWOOD married couples are like all other married couples—they wear that married look! That is, all except one. Movie audiences everywhere are constantly amazed to discover that Marge and Gower Champion are not only a gay, light-as-a-feather, young-as-Springtime dance team, but they are also a prosaic, down-to-earth, dyed-in-the-wool MR. and MRS.

It is not unusual to sit in a darkened theatre today and hear the whispered comments of the ticket buyers: "Aren't they wonderful? . . . Isn't she pretty? . . . Isn't he graceful? . . . I wish I knew more about them. . . . I wonder if they're married, and to whom . . . ?"

No one could believe, to look at the Champions, that they have been married for five years—and to one another!

Half the success and popularity on the screen of Marge and Gower Champion, most anyone will tell you, is that they don't wear that *certain look*, so often moulded in varying degrees of harassed intensity to denote that a couple are man and wife.

Oh, there are couples who look happy and relaxed enough not to signal a dual marriage certificate as soon as they make the least move or open their mouths, but they are in the minority, say the experts. Not so the Champions, who dance as if it were love at first sight, and they had just met!

EVEN on the big screen—which sees all and reveals all—there is nothing of the tell-tale gray of wedlock about the Champions. None of that illusion where even married couples gradually seem to grow to look like each other. Nothing, in Marge, of the married woman whose face seems sort of settled, or, in Gower, of a man who wears a faintly hangdog expression.

Actually, to those who know they are married, the very feeling of freedom, spontaneity, gaiety or what have you that pervades the mere presence (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

◀ There's nothing settled or taken for granted in their wooing of each other.

◀ Every time the Champions dance together they fall in love all over again before your eyes.

"Is the giddy whirl your idea of the way to find honest love and complete living? If so, good luck to you. You'll need it," says Betty Grable

PITY THE POOR PLAY GIRL

By JON BRUCE



THE playtime girl may have a lot of fun for a while, but when the day of reckoning comes she's going to be in for much sadness and trouble."

Betty Grable wasted no time getting into the subject of "Where are you going, little play girl?" As vibrant and as glamorous as ever, Betty had just finished wowing the town with her work in "How To Marry A Millionaire" for 20th Century-Fox and was getting ready to go on loan-out to Columbia for "The Pleasure Is All Mine." Those who have seen la Grable in "Millionaire" have agreed that there's only one Grable and no one will ever take her place. She looks terrific and is a sensation in the picture.

"I've never been the type who could be a play girl," Betty said honestly. "For one thing, I've worked at my career since childhood. But I haven't ever liked going to a lot of parties, I didn't date more than one fellow at a time, and I never got myself in the position where I was seeing and doing so much I was bored with life. I still can't take any gay gadding about. Why, I've never even gone to a premiere here.

"To be perfectly candid, there are those with whom I work who complain because I go out so little. They feel I'm not being glamorous. Well, maybe they're right, but I have fun in my own way, and I love my life.

"Because of my background, I find it hard to understand just what a girl sees in leading the flip, merry-go-round kind of existence. It's not a life. Where does it lead? I also find it difficult to understand why some young actresses starting out in the movie business feel their fame is dependent on how many times they get their names in the gossip columns.

WHAT MAY be important, publicity-wise, for them to go out a little and to be seen with the eligible bachelors—if there's no other way for them to be noticed. I was lucky, I guess, because when I started, my publicity came not from being seen at night clubs but from my still pictures. The big confusion, then, facing young actresses today is not knowing when to stop making a career out of the gay life and start using some talent, if any, as a foundation.

"The case of the starlet isn't much different from that of any young girl. The more they go out, the more things they do, the less there is to look forward to and the sooner they get bored. Besides, everyone soon gets tired of hearing about the cocktail glass and romantic exploits of these play girls.

"There's a lot more to life than going to night clubs, parties, or having an endless round of dates. To prevent complete stagnation, girls should adopt more lasting interests. Anything that is not superficial.

"When there's nothing to look forward to there is a real danger of turning to artificial kinds of pleasures in search of new excitements. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)

For publicity, Betty relies on still pictures, like this one with Thelma Ritter, not night club art.



At wrestling matches with hubby Harry James and Jo Stafford. "Fast living shows. It ages you," says Betty.



With Marilyn Monroe in "How To Marry A Millionaire." "A play girl slowly builds herself into a 3-D letdown."





the nimble non-conformist

With all that's been printed about Marlon Brando, you've been conditioned to expect the unpredictable.

However, you're in for more surprises

By **FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING**

ATMOSPHERIC conditions are likely to be what is known in Weather Bureau parlance as variable when one approaches Marlon Brando. Most people, both fellow actors and innocent bystanders, are conscious of an awesome fog and a raging storm at one and the same time. Lightning is expected to flash, snow may be anticipated in August, and roses may bloom over igloos.

It is likely that more prose, both laudatory and critical, has been written about Marlon Brando than about any other player able to look back on so brief a public career. It is this press, as much as anything, that has conditioned readers to expect the unpredictable from the nimblest non-conformist of our age.

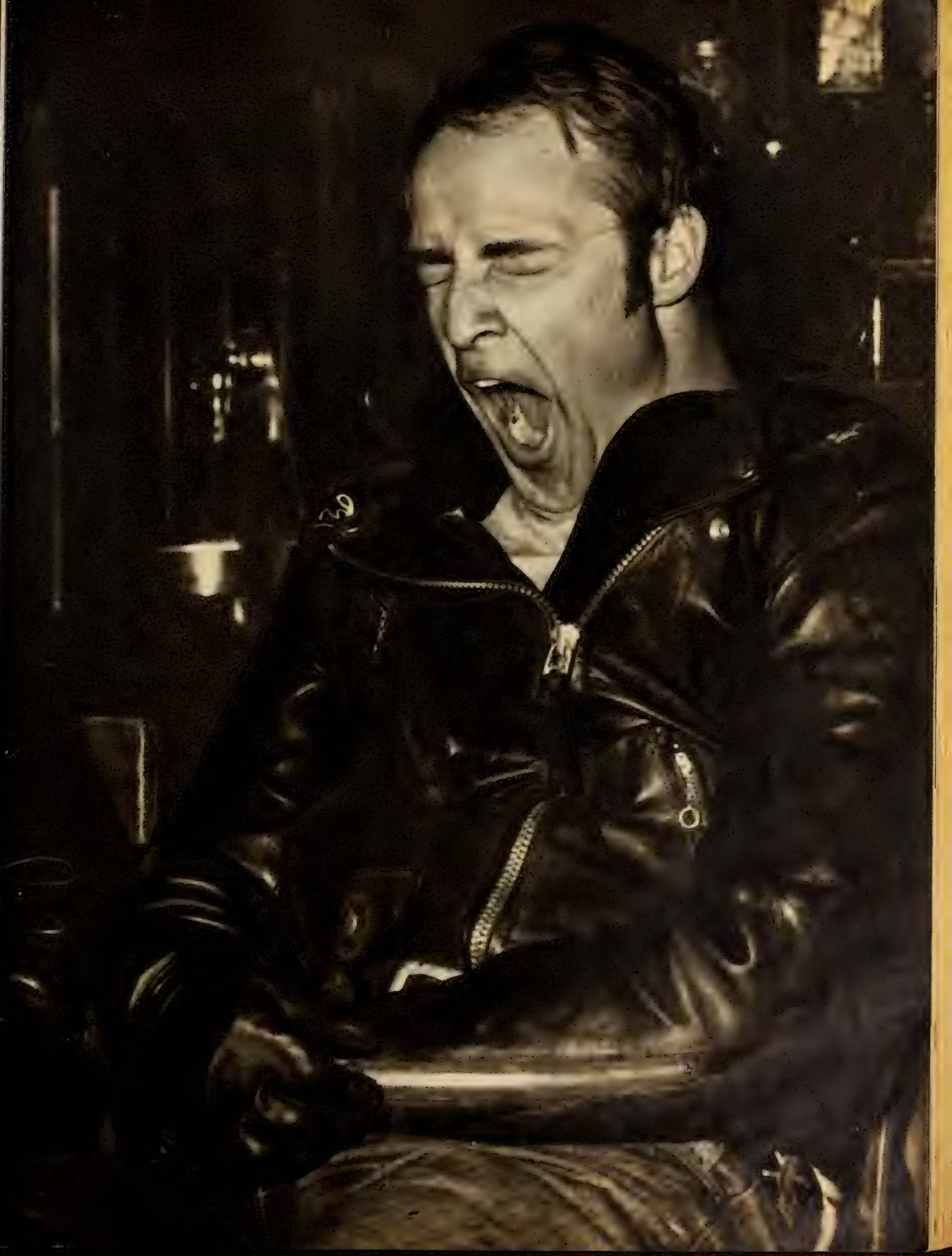
Writers dearly love colorful characters, but the inclination of theatrical folk in recent years has been to stick as closely, sweetly, and conservatively as possible to the kitchen and the nursery. By speaking his mind with raw honesty, and by responding to impulses which other individuals on the far side of twenty would reject, Marlon Brando has established a fresh aspect of the celebrity rampant.

Naturally, typewriters began to click when a mature and highly competent man, having completed a difficult and powerful motion picture, "The Men," relaxed by driving to Ocean Park, the Coney Island of the West, and spending an evening on the roller coaster, the serpentine slide, the airplane swing, and other stomach-reversers. The chap who went along with Marlon on this junket lost his interest in roller coasters after the second ride and left the scenic railway to hang greenly across a nearby shooting gallery counter, while Marlon continued to sandblast his teeth with the ocean wind.

Pilots, back from perilous missions, have been known to put their planes through acrobatics as a cooling off exercise. Standard masculine procedure for unwinding is usually to get plastered, but Brando does not drink. Apparently the roller coaster served the same purpose for an (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

◀ "Julius Caesar" represented one of the finest spoils systems of Brando's career when he secured jobs for former co-workers.

The social rules for covering a yawn mean nothing to Brando. ▶



...WHAT DO MEN KNOW ABOUT WOMEN!...WHAT

"You men are all alike . . . I've always been a man's woman, I'm afraid I always will be and think if anyone's earned the right to do some frank talking I have," declares Zsa Zsa Gabor emphatically.

"Men completely misunderstand the meaning of love and romance!"

By HENRY KAUFMAN



The fabulous Gabors clustered about their vivacious mother, Mrs. Jolie Gabor, are Magda, Eva and Zsa Zsa.

Zsa Zsa and Fernandel, co-stars of "Public Enemy Number One," on the set at St. Maurice, near Paris.



MEN KNOW ABOUT WOMEN!...WHAT DO MEN

EVERY MAN take cover! The zingy, zestful Zsa Zsa of the fabulous clan Gabor is on the warpath, and how!

I hardly had my foot in the door of her dressing room at St. Maurice near Paris, where she was making "Public Enemy No. 1" with the French comedian, Fernandel, when she proceeded to attack me—sorry, only verbally.

"You men are all alike, every one of you. You're going to sit down, keep your mouth shut and listen to some bitter truths. I've always been a man's woman, I'm afraid I always will be. And I think if anyone's earned the right to do some frank talking, I have." Somewhat taken aback, I half-stumbled on to a studio couch, meekly prepared to listen.

"First, you feel you must dominate every woman you meet, or want—the same thing to you men! Why, oh, why? Are you



Confiding to Kaufman.

so weak, so afraid that you can't stand equality with a woman? Is that it? Why can't you and all the others get it through your heads that women don't exist just to serve as your tool, or puppet, or servant? If you'd only realize how much simpler life would be for everyone, if every male didn't think it was his destiny to act Pygmalion and Svengali night and day.

"George hasn't helped."



Mlle Zsa

"Second, you completely misunderstand the meaning of love and romance." She stopped momentarily, her eyes undulating wickedly. "Well, not *all* of you. There are some magnificent exceptions, simply marvelous. Perhaps I've known a few who understood a woman's heart and knew how to reach a woman's soul. But most of you completely misunderstand us. I'll give you a perfect example. Who have you men made one of your great heroes? That utterly ridiculous Don Juan, who went from woman to woman day after day, night after night. What a pitifully sad little man he must have been, and what a hopeless failure as lover. And yet, men worship him. You write books, plays, poems, symphonies, even operas about him. What you don't seem to understand is that the real test of a lover's capacity is his ability to hold a woman's love over a long period of time. That's something every woman understands with every beat of her pulse, with every breath she takes.

"And there's a third thing. You fight like fury to keep a woman from self-fulfillment. You try everything—force, flattery, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



With her husband, George Sanders, when he won an Academy Award. "Our marriage is difficult, very difficult. But so many are, aren't they? I can't help thinking that I love George more than he loves me."

IS IT WORTH THE EFFORT?

By DONNA REED



Dress to please your man is Donna's theory, which she practices for husband Tony Owen.



"From Here To Eternity" gives Donna a sexy role opposite Frank Sinatra.

Some women might balk at the hard work glamour demands. To Donna it's a challenge

MOST women pursue two things—men and glamour. Both pursuits require work.

Even though I'm playing a rather seductive role as a young lady interested only in men in Columbia's "From Here To Eternity," I'll leave the business of hints on catching a man to more capable hands, and concentrate on glamour or beauty or whatever you want to call it.

Let's not kid ourselves—it takes work to be attractive. It's a career in itself. But it's also one of the most stimulating challenges any woman can face.

Actresses have to make glamour a real production. Yet, some stars complain that there's too much emphasis put on glamour as such. They say they're bored with it. I can't understand this attitude. Ninety percent of this business is prettiness and beauty. It's what makes people go to theatres. It's the product known as sex appeal—the kind that sells tickets. And yet I've seen some rather important stars attend social functions looking like they were advertisements for the Bohemian life.

I'VE always believed that those of us in pictures owe it to the public to look as glamorous as possible when we go out. The most sensational gowns should be worn, jewels (*even if they're fake*) should adorn the so-called form divine, and the coiffures and make-ups ought to be perfection. If all this seems like too much of a chore, then I'd say it's better to skip the affair entirely.

I'll never understand why there has been such a concerted move to make stars look like the girl next door. In the first place, who was it who decided what the girl next door looked like? Certainly she can't be the hard type that emerges as the result of what I call "documentary photography." Actresses are put under harsh lights, they're made to look as plain as an old shoe—and this is supposed to be the girl next door. The girl next door should sue.

This type of publicity does little to (CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)

A bevy of experts groomed Donna for "Raiders Of The Seven Seas" with John Payne. ▶



my best date



Tom Morton in "Main St. To B'way."

THE HOLLYWOOD BACHELOR is a special species of man. True, bachelors anywhere are at a premium, and can afford to be choosy about the girls they date. But when a man is the idol of thousands of fans, and has an address book full of movie lovelies to pick from—his idea of a good date is likely to be that mythical combination of beauty, brains, talent, charm, sex appeal, sense of humor, and maybe even money. We asked some of the most attractive and eligible young men about movie town to tell us, without mincing words, who their favorites were. Considering the fact that these men have all dated a number of pretty glamorous women, our request meant that some handsome necks would be stuck out to the danger point. But not one hesitated. And from the answers you may get not only the composite picture of the perfect woman, but several surprising revelations about what makes a guy happy.

TAB HUNTER: I wasn't yet sixteen when I had my best date—to date. I was in the Coast Guard at the time. Sure, I was under age, but I had managed to join up. We were in New York for a time and one evening I set out to have fun. It had to be a bit limited, however, seeing as how I had almost nothing to spend. I went to a skating rink and there was this pretty blonde girl, about my own age. She kept looking at me and presently she came over. "I know this sounds awfully corny, but you remind me of my brother," she said. She proceeded to prove it by showing me a (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

so far

The answer to the eternal question of what a man looks for in a girl may be found in the frank confessions of these Hollywood bachelors about favorite dates

By **SARA CORPENING**



No night club gal for Peter Lawford.



Robert Stack had a magical evening.



Farley Granger lost heart in Paris.



Tab Hunter dated *the* girl only once.



Many men will agree with Craig Hill.

A proud father, Robert
Montgomery will never try
to run Elizabeth's career.

YOU'RE



By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

ON YOUR OWN,

Elizabeth!



Girl with one love.

Elizabeth Montgomery knows that it takes more than a famous father to get ahead

ACTING," says Robert Montgomery, who should know, "is a very exciting, stimulating—and, at times—terribly discouraging profession."

Guiding light behind "Robert Montgomery Presents" (NBC-TV, Mondays, 9:30—10:30 PM. EDT.) and one of the most competent of players, Mr. Montgomery voiced the above statement in relation to two subjects very close to his heart . . . acting in general . . . and acting as the logical career for a lovely young girl bent on following in her father's footsteps.

The girl is blonde, blue-eyed, 20-year-old Elizabeth Montgomery, who has already carved for herself—on her

own grounds and without any undue parental support—a comfortable little niche in the rising medium that is television.

Not so long ago, if you remember, she was the bright young co-star of NBC-TV's "Top Secret," playing the daughter of her distinguished father, and through the Summer of 1953 she will be part of the Summer stock version of his regular successful television show.

"You say you're going to call this story, 'You're On Your Own, Elizabeth!'" remarked Bob Montgomery, with more pride than humor. "Well, let me tell you, that will come as no news to Elizabeth. She (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)



For her TV debut with her father in "Top Secret" Elizabeth went through an audition like anyone else. She had no pull.



Elizabeth's mother, the former Elizabeth Allen, and Bob were divorced a few years ago. She has a brother, Robert, Jr., 17.

MAGGI'S PRIVATE

Listening in on the latest video news — what's going on behind the scenes in television



Roz Russell, Edith Adams put on show during gay Pen & Pencil supper party.



Frank Sinatra, with Ava Gardner, is quietly working out a format for dramatic TV series.



On the 17th of every month Desi Arnaz presents Lucille Ball with red roses.



Tony Curtis, Vic Damone, Janet Leigh, Paul Winchell, Jerry Lewis turned out en masse for Harry James' opening in N.Y.

ONE of the year's biggest surprise appearances on TV may be a guest shot performed by Shirley Temple on Guy Madison's *Wild Bill Hickok* series. This out-of-retirement acting stint by the former screen actress will be marked by a well-planned publicity-promotion campaign. It was in a major Shirley Temple film epic, "Since You Went Away," that a young Guy Madison made his motion picture debut in a scene that lasted less than three minutes but remained indelibly in the hearts of feminine bobby-soxers throughout the world. Having scored with movie audiences in subsequent films, Guy then dropped out of the public's eye only to return bigger and better than ever as the youngest and handsomest video ranger of them all . . .

TV's Edith Adams isn't going to tour the countryside in the smash hit musical, "Wonderful Town," in which she's Roz Russell's younger sister, Eileen. Too many video and Hollywood film offers have come her way and a major network plans starring her in her own weekly

WIRE

By MAGGI McNELLIS



Dorothy (Kilgallen) and Dick (Kollmar) plan to do TV series along lines of their popular radio show.



Bedecked in a Ceil Chapman gown and Harry Winston's \$12,000 diamond necklace, Maggi McNellis greets Gloria DeHaven at a Gotham premiere.

variety show emanating from Gotham. During the gala midnight champagne supper party given at Bruno's Pen & Pencil Steak House by the Outer Circle drama critics (Broadway correspondents for out-of-town newspapers), Edith and Roz Russell danced and sang the title song from their show after accepting scrolls which named "Wonderful Town" the "best musical for 1952-'53."

Jack Benny wants Ann Sothern to bring her shorthand notebook and pencil over to his "house" on a future telecast. To date, Ann has demurred, despite the fact generous Jack has offered to send *Rochester* in the Maxwell to bring her to the Benny homestead for the video visit . . .

ALTHOUGH Frank Sinatra doesn't want to be Luigi in the series which became so popular with televiewers when J. Carrol Naish played the role, the actor-singer is quietly working on a telefilm format that will give him an opportunity to concentrate on dramatics

rather than vocal abilities. Tipsters insist Sinatra is angling for a program tailored along the Robert Montgomery lines. That's a very ambitious goal for any actor firmly established internationally as a singer . . .

Mary Sinclair, who favors milk baths over the bubbly kind, works on jigsaw puzzles while soaking in her tub—it's her way of relaxing completely after a busy day around town, rehearsing, performing, shopping . . .

Perry Como eats spaghetti as much as he likes and never gains an ounce by indulging himself in his favorite food. "It's the sauce you use that adds the calories," cautions Perry. "I use tomatoes, chives and mushrooms, nothing else added" . . .

ON THE 19th of every month, Desi Arnaz presents the Lucy he loves with a box of his favorite cigars, in honor of the January 19th birthdate of their son Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV. Lucille Ball (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)

COUNT ON CASUALS

The comfortable way—the casual way and the way to economy. Casual clothes to see you through many different activities. None are expensive—all in good taste

Modeling some of the better buys we've found, actress Evelyn Keyes, shown below, (1) appears in "Step By Step" and "Around The Clock," both United Artists' releases. Pat Benoit (2-5), NBC-TV attraction, is part of "Mr. Peepers" cast, plays role of girlfriend Nancy on show.

1. Red taffeta bow on black-and-white checked rayon dress. White collar is detachable. \$5.98. Sizes 9-15. At GRANT'S.
2. Wool sweater, with elbow-length, dolman sleeves. In grey or tan. \$1.98. A skirt to live in, this, \$3.98. In grey flannel for sizes 24 to 28. With self belt. Both at KRESS Stores.
3. Slipover with scallop detail at neckline, in wool. Grey and white tweed skirt with hip pockets. \$3.98. From McCrory's.
4. White sweater has navy trim—grey sweater has black. In navy, black, green and red, contrast stitching is in white. \$3.98. Corduroy skirt, \$3.98, in many colors. At GRANT'S.
5. Corduroy "boy's" jacket with back vent comes with leather buttons. About \$7. Colors are: Clay, charcoal, French blue, forest green, rust and navy. Plaid skirt, \$3.98. At MURPHY'S.







A new shoe last by Connie. The pointed toe in a dressy pump; the vamp accented with grosgrain and rhinestone. In black suede. About \$6.95.

Vivacious Evelyn Keyes appears in two new releases by United Artists. Mystery-drama "Shoot First" and "Cross Town" will add fans.

step by step around the clock by marcia moore



Sleek jersey blouse and bouffant taffeta skirt by Ciro Sportswear. Her shoes, Connie's, above.



Soft calf Connie with button detail in red or black. Also comes in black suede. About \$6.95.



The ideal walking shoe in red or benedictine calf and black suede. \$6.95. Another Connie.

A practical black suede pump with decorative stitching. Also comes in benedictine or red calf. About \$8. By Connie.



IT'S EASY TO CATCH A MAN'S EYE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

an exciting personality, not only to other women but overwhelmingly to men, as well? What are her actual glamour secrets? No one is born glamorous. It's definitely an acquired asset.

For my research, I went directly to Jeanne. She doesn't depend upon a tricky backdrop. She met me in an office at 20th Century-Fox. She wore a sophisticated sapphire blue street dress with no contrasting colors, and no jewelry except her wedding ring and dashing earrings. Her hair sweeps across her ears into a luxurious bob again, but not to her shoulders.

You are quite wrong if you guess that Jeanne, born beautiful, has relied on her looks for what she has. She's never paused to be pampered, and is remarkably modest.

"A man, above anything else, wants a good-natured woman!" said Jean. This, to him, is far greater than beauty.

However, her disposition doesn't give a girl license to let everything else slide.

"Glamour always begins and matters most right in your own home. It's not a veil you mysteriously throw over your real self when you go out and cautiously remove and put on a shelf when you return."

We tried to pin down a terse definition of the term. An alluring personality invariably has a tremendous vitality that is thrilling. Imagination certainly is an essential ingredient. The courage to invent when others are monotonous is another facet of the individual with charm. Reactions are enthusiastic, never indifferent.

"Glamour," Jeanne said, "starts at breakfast. No girl should ever greet her family over the morning toast with her face all buttered up, and with scraggly hair. No one will mind your other face, the one with no make-up, if you splash water on it and beam, and whisk your hair into a neat effect. The attractive morning coats you can buy now are perfect for early morning glamour. I jump into one, pull the zipper, and I've solved my first wonder about what to wear.

"Shortcuts are what we all need. A lack of rest is the worst enemy of looks, so budgeting time is a game we all must carefully play. My home dryer is one of my prize possessions. When I'm making a picture I leave home at 7 a.m. to have my hair fixed at the studio by an expert hairdresser. Between films, there are so many things I want to do, so I save a trip by shampooing my hair myself once a week at home. I set it with half water and half cologne so it'll dry twice as fast, then I sit conveniently under my dryer. I bought a used one. An inexpensive hand dryer can be as much of a time-saver.

"It takes a lot of planning for any woman to stay presentable and still attend to all her obligations. I had to learn to put my plans into definite action. By nature I anticipated, then wanted to hesitate. Since I was a small girl

I've made scrapbooks, and still do. I have boxes and boxes of my projects, scrapbooks on so many subjects—on geography, history, architecture, all that could go into a house for comfort and to decorate it, fashion ideas, color schemes in detail, what I'd like to buy if I ever can.

"I study all the newest styles in clothes, save my clippings and notes on what I might try. I won't consider what obviously isn't right for me."

She isn't afraid to be original, nor to wear brilliant colors. When Jeanne likes a color she doesn't stick narrowly to one hue. She has five new ensembles in different tones of green.

"I avoid picking up isolated bargains now. You may emerge victorious from a marvelous sale, but how does the trophy finish an outfit that's been crying for the final touch? I have learned to think of an entire costume suitable for an occasion, instead of losing my head over a single thing."

She, as you can see, takes care of her large wardrobe personally.

"A woman's anxious to be admired by the man she loves," Jeanne accented, "because to be taken for granted by him is her worst temporary fate. No wonder it's instinctively feminine to change. We can, every so often, do something surprising about our hair and eyebrows. This," she smilingly added, "is a minor switch, comparatively, but any improvement is fine."

Hair stylists, this year, decree hair should be shorter. Jeanne, having tried that a year ago, is having none of this fad.

"Today women have a distinct advantage. We don't have to be sheep. All the emphasis really is on expressing your

own self at its best, whatever that is. Appeal is only partially visual now. You develop your own special look and personality, and keep changing it because that's normal."

She frankly admits she's never been content with herself.

On the screen Jeanne has to compete with a steady stream of ravishing figures. Her own form and grace indicate she is acutely aware of proper diet and exercise. She has disciplined herself on both scores. Alibis would photograph appallingly!

Her gentle voice has a vibrant quality that is another of her many charms. She's studied speaking attractively, compellingly, so no shrillness stabs a listener. If your voice doesn't come from your diaphragm, rather than your chest, it can't be low and well-pitched like hers.

She insists she has overcome handicaps that were habits.

"I was too shy, wasn't able to talk enough. I listened endlessly, because I didn't want to appear foolish or uninformed by giving an opinion. Gradually, I found I would survive a few mistakes. A fault can become a matter of false pride if we evade living fully in this world we're all very much a part of. Women aren't helpless, I recognized, as I felt satisfactions from efforts I'd supposed beyond me. I'm glad I got over pretending to like or know what I didn't like or know. By tactfully being honest, but not insistent, people respond wholeheartedly. And I never would identify myself with a group only of my own age anymore. You don't have to be that limited. You can understand what any age is up against, and what it appreciates. Today belongs to everyone who wants to be mentally clear, not to one favored generation. The only girl who's passed by is the one who doesn't want to do her utmost today."

END



Jeanne Crain getting make-up refreshed before going into scene. Declares Jeanne, "All the emphasis really is on expressing your own self at its best."



PHYLLIS KIRK, the talented charmer of Warners' "The City Is Dark," feels strongly that there is nothing quite like an exciting new hair-do for raising a girl's glamour rating. "But," she told us, "I do think the styling has to be right for the structure of the face that goes with it or the result will provoke more comments than compliments."

After these words of wisdom we knew that Phyllis was just the person we needed to help us show you what sense-making styling can do by adapting a fashion to fit an individual's needs. Our project: a new hair-style for Phyllis would illustrate how artistry can make an asset out of the current rage for bangs. Our guest expert: Mme. Marguerite Buck, famous President of Fashion Futures and recipient of goodness knows how many styling awards here and abroad.

In the photographs you can see the flattering results of Mme. Buck's design for Phyllis, and three other treatments of bangs for quite different effects. You'll notice that with Phyllis, Mme. Buck's basic problem was to build an asymmetrical line to compensate for the square shape of the piquant Kirk face. (*Faces, as you probably know, are described in such unimaginative terms as square, round, oval, or diamond-shaped.*) This Mme. Buck accomplished by adding height at one side with what she calls a "TV curl," and making the bangs soft and fluffy and slightly raised. There is a short center part that only continues to the middle of the head, where it meets semi-circular sections that are drawn from the left temple to the temple hairline at the right. The right side has that reversed curl we mentioned before. To get the same soft effect with your own bangs be sure they're set in sculpture curls, and the left side set in a plain stand-up curl.

For Phyllis, Mme. Buck has (CONTINUED ON PAGE 65)

HEAD START FOR BEAUTY



By ELIZABETH LAPHAM

**A star and a hair
stylist show you the
kind of magic that can be
worked with coiffures
built around bangs**



A side view shows you how the styling is kept flat at the temples and soft above.



Phyllis shows you how becoming it is to have the bangs raised from the forehead.



Bing Crosby reflects seriously during interview. He told Paris press that French women, unlike the American girls, eat as if they were really hungry.

BING'S FLING IN PARIS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

Bill Morrow of his radio show.

Bing and Bill and Lindsay had taken a Rue de Lille apartment on the arty left bank of the Seine. Bill sported a French car, Bing the Mercedes Benz, and Lindsay bought his first car—a small English model—with his “old man” advancing the cash to be paid back on the installment plan against Lindsay’s ranch and Summer wages in Nevada.

Someone had argued, “Ah, why don’t you give the kid the car? You can never spend all of your money.”

“My boys could so easily turn into drips if I handed them everything,” Bing replied. “I may appear to be a lazy, easy-going, indifferent kind of a guy, but I don’t give my boys that idea. I tell them, ‘You boys will have to earn your living some day—just like everyone else.’”

“My first job was in a pickle factory in Spokane where my dad worked. Then I carried a newspaper route, worked as janitor for six months in a men’s club, ushered at the boxing matches, and I worked my way through the University, in hopes of becoming a lawyer. Kids are never too young to accept certain responsibilities. Every year we work and sweat together on that cattle ranch. The boys get paid exactly as any hired hands. Makes men of them.”

“In fact,” Bing grinned, “one of them said recently, when I was a little short of cash, ‘Don’t worry, Pop, we hope to be able to support you some day.’”

Bing took Lindsay to Rome, for an audience with the Pope, and, of course, they had to visit Florence where the Dennis O’Keefes and the Alan Ladds had postcarded the news of a Ristorante Bing Crosby at No. 23 Via Delle Terme.

But always they returned to Paris.

“This trip has been sort of an educational one for Lin. He’d had a touch of

pneumonia with a succession of flu and since he’s a year ahead of his age at school, I said come along, son, and see all the places you read about in history books. His mother would have liked that.

“You know, it’s really a small world,” Bing observed. “One day I was walking down the Champs Elysees, and I saw a big lanky guy loping towards me. Couldn’t mistake that walk. It was Gary Cooper, lonesome as all get out. My eldest son is Gary’s namesake.

“In Barcelona, we were looking at art treasures when who comes up to Lin but a Spanish girl. ‘I know your cousin, Molly. Went to Westlake School together last year when I was in the States,’ she said. Sure enough, she was the school-mate of my brother Larry’s nineteen-year-old daughter, Molly.

“And in London, the first people we ran into were the Alan Ladds. Just like we were right back at Paramount. The Ladds were all set with a fine view for the Coronation. I had decided to skip it, but I accepted their kind invitation to send Lin along with them to see it. Then who do I run into but Bob Taylor. Bob had a grand-stand seat in his suite at the Dorchester House, but he had been asked to vacate Coronation week for General Ridgeway.”

While Bing was in London, the Palladium approached him for the umpteenth time asking if he would play an engagement. “I’ll do it when I get short of money,” Bing told them. The Palladium manager shook his head. “We know when that will be,” he said sadly. “With that touch of making everything turn to gold—that could be never!”

It doesn’t matter that Bing is forty-nine, and a devoted father to his four sons. He could be dining with friends, but he had only to look up long enough

to be introduced to any French charmer, and immediately the Paris papers said it was a romance. Bing wouldn’t be human if he weren’t aware of pretty girls—but the tragic heartbreak of the loss of Dixie is too recent for him to allow his heart to become involved. On Decoration Day, he cabled, from Paris, a huge floral piece—white gardenias and orchids—for Dixie’s resting place in the Inglewood Cemetery and also for his father.

During his stay in Paris, there was much speculation as to whether Mona Freeman would arrive. The papers even said there would be a wedding in Switzerland. Then Mona was scheduled to arrive in Paris to make a picture, but the picture plans were changed. Bing said, “I don’t know anything about a wedding, and I doubt if she does. Mona and I have been good friends since she was fourteen and first came to Paramount.” Mona, back in Hollywood, said, “Now that Bing’s said it—maybe everyone will believe me, that we are just good friends of many years like everyone who has worked together at Paramount.” But Bing called Mona two or three times, and she received a couple of letters. And it is certain that they will be seeing each other again when he returns.

Bing was asked that oldie by the Paris press, “How do the European women differ from the American women?” Completely honest, Bing replied, “I notice they don’t play with their food. They eat as if they are really hungry, which makes a man enjoy paying for their dinner.” Genial with the press, who didn’t make a field day of his every appearance on the streets, nor report his sartorial flare for color—like the blue flannel sports blazer with gold buttons, grey flannel slacks and a red and aqua blue sports shirt and a tan straw hat.

Bing was asked much about TV and he said, “Sure, I’ll get into TV eventually, when I think the format is right. But I don’t think radio is dead nor ever will be. The reason why I kept running back to Paris every week is due to my show being recorded here.

“Television is murder, but radio just takes a few hours a week. All I have to do is stand up to the mike and sing. But TV—that goes on and on.”

Bing answered his own telephone at his residence. Naturally, he was asked many questions and many of them in French, which he was able to handle. But when he was too quick with a ready wit, one backfired. To one inquirer, he quipped, “Yes, I am available as soloist for weddings, clam bakes, taffy pulls. I have a tuxedo and will travel or babysit.” And suddenly his smile vanished, for from the other end of the wire came in perfect English, “Mr. Crosby I am perfectly obliged. And I shall let you know the dates I shall set up for you.” That was when Bing had his telephone number changed!

Bing’s love for Paris is understandable, even when he ordered broiled steak and it arrived on the table boiled. People in general just didn’t recognize him. He could browse around the small shops,

the streets, the parks, and watch the artists with their paint brushes and canvases. But playing golf became more intimate. It seemed the female Crosby fans in high heels would hear the word and start running all over the golf course. They had women caddies at the St. Cloud course, and Bing couldn't drop a cigarette but what it was picked up to be pressed into service as a memento of Beeng Crrrosby. So, he flew to Ireland for golf.

One famous lingerie designer, who last year sold Bing a small fortune in hand-made nighties etc. for Dixie—found no buyer in Bing this year. "No," he said sadly, "I've no one to take them home to!" Nor would he buy French postcards. Bing's usual bounce and gaiety had

settled to the more serious side of his nature. Even as he laughed and talked to the many beautiful women who sought out Hollywood's now most eligible widower—he talked about Lindsay and his other sons and their plans together at the ranch at Hayden Lake in Idaho for fishing, and their home in Holmby Hills, and the new place Dixie completed for them in Palm Springs. Bing is due back at Paramount to star in "White Christmas" in September.

"Yes," Bing sighed, "Paris in the Spring, Summer, Winter, and Fall. It's all the same. The freedom is great. Now of course, I am anxious to get back home to see the boys. We are having our usual grand reunion at our ranch outside of Elko, Nevada." END

you were the type to do this. When I agreed to date you it was because I thought I had finally met a gentleman. I'm sorry to see I was mistaken—that you are like all the others I've known." And she just sat there waiting to see what he would do.

He looked as though he'd been slapped across the face with a cold fish. He stared at her in amazement and then gradually moved away with "I'm sorry." Sure he looked like the martyr, the poor oppressed thing, but his ego had been punctured and that did it. Nothing hits a man harder than to be told he's like every other guy.

Such situations can be handled even more positively if the girl makes every effort first to know what kind of a fellow she's dating and to make it clear to him what kind of a girl she is.

This holds true for ninety percent of the men. It's the ten percenters who throw the curves. They're the boys who are perfect gentlemen for weeks. And then suddenly—they let go of all their finer instincts and decide to be rugged.

This happened to one girl. She had dated the man for weeks and he couldn't have been nicer. One night she suggested he come up to her apartment and have coffee. Once he got inside he seemed to go berserk. She had quite a fight on her hands and only a skillet bounced neatly off his head convinced him she meant business. He did a none too graceful exit and she, needless to say, didn't see him again. She had taught him a quick lesson.

WHEN DO YOU MAKE HIM STOP?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

Girls who lead a man on during the evening by such devices can only expect one end to that evening. They shouldn't be surprised if he draws the wrong picture. But the young ladies who make it clear that a date is not going to evolve into a wrestling match usually have no trouble. This doesn't mean they must be prudish or constantly put up a "Stop" sign, but it does mean the honest approach pays off.

Men will usually try to see how far they can go. They may resort to the casual patting of the knee at first. Or they may try the routine of nonchalantly letting the arm fall on the girl's shoulder. If she doesn't move away or cast some pointed glances in the gent's direction, he's going to think all is well.

If a girl has no romance in mind she would do better to keep the conversation during the evening on subjects other than heavy sentiment. She can always get the man to talk about himself—and all men love that. Or she can discuss things like pictures, books, friends they both know—anything that will be safe and yet not boring. One thing she should never do is discuss how fresh her other dates had been. She may believe that by passing out this bit of information her gentleman of the evening will think she's not interested in amorous pyrotechnics. This doesn't always work since some men feel that where others have failed they might succeed.

But supposing the girl has handled herself with decorum all evening and the guy has seemed to be a gentleman? And yet he still heads for that parking spot and starts the advances. What does she do then?

There are only two courses open to her then. For one, she can kid the fellow out of his mood—and that's a toughie. A guy with romance on his mind isn't going to feel like being laughed at. He may simply get up more steam. Or she can firmly tell him that this sort of deal is not for her and pull away. This, too, can boomerang because there are

men who, when resisted, only try that much harder.

One girl in town had come up against this type of routine on several occasions. She had tried the sense of humor system and the firm approach and found both worked but only after quite a struggle. So one evening she suddenly thought of another way. As the fellow started on his amorous way she stopped him cold with, "You know, I didn't think



Youth has its day and its problems in Debbie Reynold's latest film, "The Affairs Of Dobie Gillis." Bobby Van gives her plenty of romantic decisions to make.



Debbe dating Tab Hunter at formal dinner. Debbie is not interested in marriage now. But there have been fellows who have tried to change her mind.

Such men are ever-present. All of which proves that it's a good idea for a girl to be prepared for any eventuality.

There are other aspects to this putting a stop sign on a man. There's also the fellow who has marriage on his mind—even if the girl isn't in the altar-bound mood.

Debbie Reynolds has never had to face this situation because she has made it very clear she's not interested in marriage now. There may have been fellows who have hoped they could change her mind, but none has succeeded. Debbie is such a forthright person she'd never kid a man into thinking she was interested in marriage if she wasn't.

The man with marriage on his mind usually starts out by making extensive compliments to a girl. He can't praise her enough. Then comes a shower of gifts. First, they are little trinkets and gradually they are more expensive until they are embarrassing. And usually with such gifts come new lines.

One girl had every indication that the man was heading for a proposal. He used such stalwart lines as "I've never met a girl like you," "You're so different from others I've known," "We could make beautiful music together," "I'd like to spend the rest of my life with you," "I feel as though I began to live when I met you."

This girl knew how to puncture those pretty phrases. She knew she didn't dare smilingly accept them because she'd encourage the fellow. So she deflated this line-laden man with quips like, "I bet you say that to all the girls" or "Oh, come now, let's be original."

When the gifts come, a girl can accept them gracefully if they're not too personal or expensive. But if they become too meaningful, then is the time for the girl to say honestly, "I appreciate your thoughtfulness, but you must stop spending your money on me. I really don't like it—or what's behind it." This may seem blunt and perhaps cruel, but well

meant honesty is often blunt and cruel.

The same is true of the man who spends his last cent on taking a girl to the most expensive restaurants and night clubs. He's out to impress her—and he's not going to spend all that money on a girl about whom he has no serious ideas. This is where the girl should bring him to a halt by telling him to save his money—and to remind him he's taking her much too seriously. Of course, there is the possibility that this consideration of his finances may only impress him so much he'll think she's really a prize. If that happens, she can only tell him flatly he's put his stamp on the wrong girl.

Usually, a man with marriage on his mind asks for many dates in succession. If the girl knows how he feels and if she doesn't share his serious intentions, it's a lot better for her to cut off all dates fast. She may hurt him but he'll be hurt a lot more if she lets him go on dating her and then when he's really "gone" tell him she's not interested.

She may like him as just a friend. That's fine. She then must tell him exactly how she feels and if he wants to continue on that friendship basis, that's up to him. She has at least been honest.

There is the type of girl, though, who may not be at all interested in the man but will continue to date him just to be able to go out. She naively expects to toss him overboard when she finally meets someone she likes.

A certain young lady tried this system once. Selfishly, she thought of herself first and the guy last. He fell more and more in love with her and he bored her more and more. One day she met the man she thought was for her so she casually called up the other fellow and said she wasn't going to see him any more. He went into a tailspin. She simply hung up.

She had quite a situation on her hands after that. In fact, the fellow threatened to commit suicide and a rather nasty

headline was kept out of the papers at the last minute by a third party who proceeded to tell the man a few truths. A girl is flirting with danger to treat any man this way.

The easiest kind of Romeo to stop is the one who keeps selling a bill of goods about what a big shot he is—and what a fine husband he'd make. He probably has a basic inferiority complex but you'd never know it to hear him talk.

The would-be big shot can simply be cut off fast by the girl's refusal to see him after the first date. She can also puncture his ego by laughing at his remarks about himself. This type of man needs a receptive audience. He can't take a sense of humor. If he gets the bum's rush he's egotistical enough to get annoyed, take the girl home, and then tell all of his friends what a dull dope she was. She will have to expect to hear from others how "easy" she was and how she was left broken-hearted when he called the whole thing off. The big shot has no qualms about tearing down some girl's reputation if it will build his own warped ego.

Most men can be stopped but only if the girl wants them stopped. If she has a decent set of values, if she's honest, if she's not playing games, if she's not out for her own gains, if she knows the man, she should be all right.

If a girl as popular as Debbie Reynolds is in Hollywood can enjoy a date and keep her integrity and decency, certainly a girl in any other town can do just as well. It isn't, after all, where you live that decides your date fate. It's what you, yourself, are after and honestly want. You can wrestle—or be smart. It's up to you.

END



Debbie's career, zooming sky high, comes first until she grows older.

I'M ALL MIXED UP!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

veneer of success?

It was the old Dale Robertson who said, honestly, that he and Jackie had had a spat and he'd moved out for a cooling down period. "All married couples have quarrels," he said later. "We're no different."

Hollywood, and Dale's friends, thought differently. It was whispered that the Robertsons had been incompatible for quite a while. Dale, it was said, had only hung around until after the birth of their daughter, Rochelle, and no one had expected him to stick it out much longer.

What is the *real* Dale Robertson today? A mixed-up guy who loves his wife one day, wants to make a go of his marriage, and veers around tomorrow to the opinion that "every husband should have a weekend or a month to go off fishing or hunting by himself."

Is Dale Robertson just another plain ordinary nice guy who's taking the count in Hollywood, via gossip, the innuendo that he's "gone Hollywood"—or is he trying honestly to adapt himself to his new success, to work out a compromise between the town that's brought him fame and money and the plans he used to have for his life and marriage?

Perhaps, he was bitterly disappointed that their child was a girl. "A he-man wants a he-boy," he said to this writer, before the baby was born. "I've always wanted to play ball with my kids, to watch them play football, take them hunting. You can't do those things with a little girl."

Perhaps, too, the Robertson marriage is just another example of "marry in haste, repent at leisure." Dale had known Jacqueline Wilson a scant week before they were married—and the Dale Jackie married was a very different Dale from Mrs. Robertson's husband.

"The first thing people ask is what Jackie and I have in common," Dale said shortly after the wedding. "Well, right now we've only just gotten married and we don't have too much in common yet. Our marriage is smooth enough, but no one's is a bed of roses in the beginning. You get things in common after you've been married for quite a little while."

It looks as though the Robertsons, however, never did get enough in common for a firm marriage. Dale is a man's man, who enjoys hunting, fishing, horses, sports of any sort, and in company with men rather than women. Reared by a mother and two aunts, he's been spoiled and has become a little over-demanding of women.

"I guess my marriage means everything to me," he said in the beginning. "My wife expects me to be a little more attentive and aware that she's around. I'm very conscious that she's around, though I don't act it, but that's because I don't know how to show my feelings."

Hollywood thinks that Jackie may be a little fed up with all this taking things for granted. It's not much fun to stay home with the baby while your husband works six days a week and spends the seventh on the golf links with a bunch of men. Even Dale's large salary and almost continuous schedule at the studio can't entirely compensate for never seeing her husband.

With an impressive string of picture credits to his name, Dale Robertson seems to have lost his suspicion that Hollywood will only keep him for seven years. It begins to look as though he'll be around for quite a while, and he's learning things all the time.

That it's fun to go to *Ciro's*, that there are plenty of people willing and ready to be friends, that interviews are a bore, and that publicity isn't—he thinks—quite so necessary since 20th Century-Fox recently picked up his option.

On the other hand, in a confiding mood, Dale recently told a close man friend, "I guess I'm all mixed-up, Bob. Once I thought I knew what I wanted and how I would get it. Now I'm not so sure I know what I want, or when I do know, if I'll fight hard enough to get it. But you can bet on one thing, I won't let Hollywood lick me—like it's licked other people."

The truth of the matter is that he still says he's only staying until he makes a pile. Then he's clearing out in favor of a ranch and horses, but while the words are the same, the tune is different, and his closest friends don't think his heart is in it.

END



Linda Darnell, Bob Mitchum during the production of "Second Chance."

one hundred per cent footloose and free!

"I have dozens of things I want to do and places I want to see," Linda said emphatically. "There isn't enough time in a day or enough days in a year to satisfy me—and I've never been happier in my life!"

Linda's appearance is misleading. Her solemn facial expressions probably give rise to a lot of groundless rumors about her. Those huge brown eyes of hers have a way of looking pensive when she's sitting quietly on a movie set waiting for the cameras to roll. Oftentimes she is thinking of nothing more disturbing than that her feet hurt.

Unlike many girls in show business, Linda doesn't go in for much small talk or joshing on a movie set. She's inclined to keep quiet unless there's something she really wants to say or unless she's with her own chums. She usually rests quietly on the sidelines until time to take her place before the camera, or she slips off to her dressing room, where she keeps a typewriter on which she pounds out endless letters to friends in various parts of the world. Add to this the fact that her conversations with her maid cannot be understood even when heard by co-workers, because they're in Spanish—and you begin to realize why Linda seems a mystery and rumors about her remoteness get their start.

Despite the fact that Linda has a broad and lusty sense of humor, an extremely entertaining wit, lots of curiosity and an enormous zest for living, people who meet her casually seldom realize it. Linda has to know you before she makes it possible for you to know her. She has a keen eye for sizing up people and picks her own friends.

"How about this big ranch I heard you were dickering for in New Mexico?" I asked her. "Are you planning to live there some day if the deal goes through for you to buy it?"

She shrugged off that thought in a

LINDA'S HECTIC LOVE LIFE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

town, *really* out of town, but he probably thought he was just getting a polite excuse for a brush-off. Oh well, that's life for you," she shrugged. "Hollywood is just full of bores who won't take no for an answer, and then when you have an interesting date with a man you'd like to see again sometime, *he* stops calling because you're not around when he phones."

I mentioned to Linda the fact that she's seen so rarely in public that she has people wondering about her. She

grinned impishly at me. "What's wrong with that?" she asked. "Just because I've had enough night clubs and restaurants to last a lifetime doesn't mean I'm sitting home alone brooding," she declared spiritedly. "Just why does a single girl have to be involved in a torrid romance or have constant dates in the nightspots or be planning a wedding in order to convince people that she isn't neurotic or blue? I've been entangled since I was born," she said, "and I'm having the time of my life being

hurry. "Heck no," she replied. "Who wants to live in any one place all the time. I think it'll be fun to take my little girl, Lola, there for nice, wholesome vacations now and then, but the ranch will be a money-project. We'll raise cattle and horses."

"Oh," I said, "and I guess you'll enjoy riding horses there, hmm?"

"Not me," she grinned. "I don't ride."

"Aren't you from Texas?" I prompted.

"I'm from Texas all right," she chuckled, "but I'm strictly an indoor girl. I don't ride, hunt, fish, play tennis, golf or anything else athletic."

"How about dancing?" I asked. "Don't you like that?"

"Oh sure," she responded, "I like to dance if there's anyone around who really knows how. So few men do. But dancing," she pointed out with a twinkle, "is an indoor sport!"

Encouraged by Linda's frank and breezy retorts, I summoned up the nerve to ask about her much discussed romance with Amato.

"Remember, Linda, you arrived in Rome last Fall while I was there," I reminded her, "and you hit all the headlines. The newspapers told of a big romance between you and Amato. Do you—uh, do you love him?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Peppino?" she said warmly, "I call him Peppino. Of course I love him. I adore him. He's so wonderful. I love Peppino very much—but that doesn't mean that I'm in love with him with marriage on my mind!"

"I don't want to marry anyone now," she said emphatically. "I want to be free and I want to travel a lot, but only to places where I can take Lola with me. I'll never leave her home again," she confided. "I tried it once, and I was miserable worrying about her. A child of five must have her mother's companionship. I phoned her every night when I was in Jamaica making a picture there," she continued, "but phone calls are not enough for a small child."

"I suppose your folks could watch out for her, though?" I conjectured. "They live here in Los Angeles now, don't they?"

"Oh yes, they're here," she assured me. "My dad's retired now, but he was a postman here for years. My folks don't live with me, though, and I don't want them to, either," she said firmly. "I had enough family while I was growing up. I want to look after Lola myself until it's time to turn her loose."

"What's this I hear about a house you bought on the edge of Rome?" I asked her. "That sounds kind of permanent."

Linda laughed. "First of all, I haven't yet bought this castle I'm supposed to be having built behind a big wall. I did look around when I was there," she admitted, "because I'm crazy about Italy. I love the sunlight and the language and the works of art and the people. I'd like to go over every year for a while," she went on, "or as often as possible, BUT I don't intend to live there all the time any more than I intend to live in Hollywood or on a ranch or anywhere else ALL the time. I want to see the world,

"I'd like to buy one of those modern Roman homes," she reflected, "decorate it myself and have it to live in whenever I'm there." Like the excellent young businesswoman that she is, Linda added, "and you know how easily I could rent it out when I'm not there. Houses and luxury apartments are at a premium in Rome these days."

Linda is planning to leave shortly for Rome. She'll take her little girl and her secretary-maid with her while she makes a movie there for her most-mentioned beau, Giuseppe Amato. She may buy or build a home when she gets there this trip. She doesn't know yet just how

long she will stay. That depends on work, she explained to me. One thing she stated definitely about the trip is that she does not plan to stay in Europe for an eighteen-month period. Her future movements depend upon film offers.

"Is your work very important to you?" I asked curiously.

Again Linda grinned at me and replied with refreshing candor. "I'd much rather sit and paint pictures or edit the movies I take on trips," (she's highly skilled at making and cutting her own hobby movies), "or just sit," she insisted, "but somebody has to pay for all that—and that somebody is me!" **END**

HOW TO AVOID THAT MARRIED LOOK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

on the screen of the Champions spells something else. To these people, Marge and Gower are a walking advertisement of "How To Be Happy Though Married."

And there you have the Champions. Married five years, their faces are just as bright and enthusiastic as newlyweds. How do they do it? It's no secret.

"We love our work, we love each other," they say. "We share everything

together, every single minute of the time."

Even when you do know it, watching them dance together, it's still hard to believe they are Mr. and Mrs. There's nothing settled or taken for granted in their wooing of each other while they're dancing—and that's part of their secret.

Another part of their secret is the relationship they've worked out to avoid the ordinary marital difficulties. Sharing a



Marge and Gower Champion believe that dancing is a happy thing that calls for a smile on the face and for bright eyes and gaiety. Romance in rhythm.

career means each one understands all the problems of the other.

"If Gower is kept late at the studio," says Marge, "I don't sit home wondering and growing angry. I know from my own experience what must have happened, and when he arrives tired and irritable, I can understand why he doesn't want to talk."

Biggest, and perhaps best thing of all is that there is no division of authority in their marriage. It's Gower who leads in every way, and Marge who happily follows his directions. And as most marriage clinics agree, women are usually happier when the man leads and they can look up to him.

In Hollywood, where careers and marriages are notoriously bad mixers, the Champions seem to have the right solution. They work together, and they enjoy their work. There's no fretting because one is working and too exhausted for social life when the other is taking it easy. The Champions are exhausted—or full of life—at the same moment.

There's no worrying about gossip because of studio-publicized extra-marital appearances with the stars of their separate pictures, because they star with each other. And because they share the most important things in their lives with each other, all the dissimilarities in taste or opinion become too unimportant to quarrel about.

"Marriages fail when one partner makes more money, or is a bigger success than the other," reveals a close friend. "While the Champions could be successful on their own—Gower as a dance director, and Marge as a soloist—they are wise enough to stay together, and thus remove the possibility of separations in their success or failure."

In reality, the saga of the Champions was a love idyll from the start. They both attended Hubert Howe Bancroft Junior High School together. Gower was one of Ernest Belcher's star dancing pupils, Mr. Belcher being Marge's father. Gower won a dancing contest at the Cocoanut Grove

with Jean Tyler, and together they successfully toured the nation as a team.

In the meantime Marge was scoring in light operettas, in Walt Disney movies as the model for "Snow White" and the "Pinnocchio" Blue Fairy, finally landing on the New York stage. World War II took Gower from behind the footlights and into the Coast Guard—with stints in the Atlantic and Pacific. Following his discharge, he found himself without a partner—Jean having married and retired from show business.

It was in New York that he met Marge again, eventually to form a dance team. They were doing all right when Marge got an offer to appear in "Allegro."

"This meant breaking up the act," says Gower, "and so we were married, thus preserving the team."

Finally, it was their sensational engagement at the Sunset Strip night spot, the Mocambo, that paved the way for their career before the cameras. And the rest you know.

As for that married look, or rather the absence of it—that, too, can depend on a choice of profession. The Champions were lucky in the pursuit they had picked for themselves. Dancing isn't something that requires "emoting" or tragedy. Dancing, especially when done by Marge and Gower Champion, is a happy thing. It calls for a smile on the face and for bright eyes and gaiety.

Everybody knows those apparently simple but breathtaking twirls and spins are the result of hard physical work and weeks of rehearsal. Everybody knows Marge occasionally gets a bad bruise, and Gower's muscles ache while they're working on a particularly strenuous routine.

But in the finished performance, when the dance routine is perfected, they let themselves go, and the result is as exciting for an audience as sitting in on the birth of romance.

Yes—they're married, but the romance is still there. They're young, they're in love, and they're partners in rhythm. And every time they dance together, they fall in love all over again before your eyes. **END**

PITY THE POOR PLAY GIRL

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

headlines in the papers are full of cases where girls just couldn't settle down and take on a sense of values, a balance in living. Why else do you read about the tragic errors in the lives of so many teen-agers?

"My daughters will some day be at the age when they will want to go out a lot—and to do all the normal things young people do. This is fine with me as long as they stay with *normal* things. I hope to have complete supervision over them, though, until they're eighteen—and that means they're not going to have the chance to do all they'll probably want to. Nor are they going to date just any boy. One night a week for a date will be their allotment—and in that way they'll not see and do so much they'll be

bored to death within a very short time.

"I admit I'm raising them the way I was raised—and they'll probably think I'm just as 'unreasonable' as I thought my mother was. Needless to say, I'm now very glad mother took the stand she did. I was never allowed to be out after eleven-thirty at night until I was eighteen. Oh, I thought she was being very cruel then but because of this training everything is exciting to me now. I've never been bored in my life and I haven't a single frustration running around inside me.

"The play girl is, in a way, a contradiction. She has to depend on a certain amount of attractiveness to be in demand enough to lead the giddy life. And yet she forgets that the more frantically

she runs about searching for something new to do, the faster she will age. Fast living shows quickly. It doesn't take long for that wonderful freshness to fade. And once that is gone, so is her appeal.

"Getting a sense of values is important to any girl. To be really happy she can't live twenty years in two. If she takes it easy and doesn't try to do everything today or yesterday she'll have some great tomorrows to look forward to."

The play girl usually feels that she must have a lot of dates. And, as a rule, it doesn't matter what the fellow is like as long as he'll take her somewhere. It's the restless urge to be doing something, a feeling that the more she dates the more popular she is.

Betty has never gone along with this line of thinking. When she was the belle of New York while doing "DuBarry Was A Lady" she was asked out a good deal—and always by the most popular men. The girls in the show would drool at Betty with envy, but she never accepted a single date. She was not interested in playing the field. She was content to wait until she found the right man. That's why she later became a happy Mrs. Harry James.

"Lots of dates may be all right for some, but they didn't intrigue me," Betty went on. "However, there is a certain value to going out with several different men because a girl gets a better idea as to the kind of man she wants to marry. I frankly hope my daughters won't start going steady too soon. But I also will try to be sure that they don't get so superficially date-conscious that they forget what's important in life. I'm sure this won't happen to them.

"The play girl dates so many different men that eventually she loses interest in all men—and, whether she'll admit it or not, in herself. What's even more important—a man soon loses interest in her when he sees her with so many other fellows.

"Some play girls think that the more they date the more desirable they'll be to men. I don't agree with this philosophy. I think that when a man is interested in a girl he wants her to go with him and no one else. This is quite a natural—and commendable—attitude.

"The girl who goes out with anyone just to be going out sooner or later should wake up and find that what she has always really wanted is a husband. But by now she has burned herself out so much that while she may only be twenty she looks thirty-five, so she has to start the date routine all over again—but with a different attitude. The trouble is that by this time she's not going to be so desirable to the kind of man she suddenly wants.

"Dates are a perfectly normal part of a young girl's life—as long as they're not made into a production. Every girl wants to date the football captain. The danger comes when she starts envisioning herself as the femme fatale whose duty in life is to play games with men.

"The play girl has a tendency, as a result, to think too much of her own importance. And sooner or later she becomes dominant, aggressive. Gradually,

she builds herself into a 3-D sized let-down.

"Maybe some girls act this way because they're basically afraid of marriage—or because they're insecure within themselves and need some kind of self-confidence. They believe that by playing and running away from all responsibilities they can have a gay time and feel important to themselves. But the day always comes when they realize that if they want a good life they have to stop running and face facts. Usually, they learn this too late.

"Yet, I've seen some girls go to great lengths to be popular and alluring. For one thing, they adopt every trapping known in an attempt to be glamorous and only end up being phony and obvious. They play the alluring female so convincingly they wonder why men get the wrong ideas about them. They also like to surround themselves with people who are as phony as they are. So they and their friends end up merely using one another.

"The false conception of glamour is a typical mistake the play girl makes. If all the trimmings she has adopted went up in a fire she'd be stuck. Glamour is not a white fox cape or a Bikini bathing suit. It's an inner quality that shines through — and that quality can never come to life if a girl wastes her time on an endless round of playful pleasures.

"I can't be bothered with the phony ideas of glamour. Why, it's hard even to get me to plan on what to wear the few times I do go out. Recently Harry and I were invited to the annual Jockey Ball and I didn't have an evening gown to my name. So I bought one—and I'll probably never wear it again. One thing for sure—I can't wear it to next year's ball.

"I've never been one to like shopping for clothes. If I need something for a special occasion I do get excited and then enjoy going to a store. Otherwise, you couldn't drag me out for a shopping spree."

Betty has based her whole life on the importance of a happy marriage. And, to her, there's only one way to prepare for it. That is to fill your life with the right ideals, to build your moments not towards the next cocktail bar but towards your future home.

"A man wants to marry a girl who still has a few ideals and illusions left," Betty said. "If there are any changes for her to make, he'll tell her about them afterwards but, basically, he wants to feel she has waited all her life for him. Of course, after I married, Harry wanted me to make some changes. Like my blonde hair, for instance. Once I became Mrs. Harry James he wanted me to darken it. I reminded him I was a blonde when he asked me to marry him. He saw the point.

"But marriage has changed me—and it changes every girl. Harry is responsible for some personality alterations. He has the disposition of an angel—and I have not. He got me to relax more, not to fly off the handle so much. He was a balance wheel for me. I was willing to make such changes because I had—and still have—very great respect for him."

Betty didn't add this, but she was able to change too because she had gone into marriage with self-respect. She had lived a decent kind of life and was, therefore, not filled with the frustrations that are part and parcel of every play girl. She had a happy home and marriage as her goal — and no superficial gaiety blocked the clear view ahead for her.

"If only the play girl would realize how much fun she is missing by being on the merry-go-round she'd get back

to earth faster," Betty said with great sincerity. "Why not start living now? Why wait until you're tired of playing and then find the boat has sailed? Why not take time to look at yourself and admit that you're running away from the very things that will bring you real and lasting happiness?

"Or is the giddy whirl your idea of the way to find honest love and complete living? If so, good luck to you. You'll need it."

END

THE NIMBLE NON-CONFORMIST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

actor who had spent a month in a wheelchair in a paraplegics' hospital in order to give an honest interpretation of the problems and triumphs of such men.

The reason most people are somewhat afraid of Marlon Brando is that he is a natural-born clipper of ears that he decides have grown too long. Whether a situation warrants it or not, Marlon is likely to bring out the scissors.

Laslo Benedek, Marlon's friend and director of "The Wild One," is a busy man; normally he has more to do in 24 hours than the average person could do in 48, so occasionally he has to be brusque in dealing with the horde of job-seekers who pester every director.

Marlon was in Mr. Benedek's office one afternoon when a call came in from a lad who, having read the short story from which "The Wild One" was fashioned, wanted a part which he felt was tailor-made for him. Unfortunately the character had been eliminated from the screen play, but Mr. Benedek didn't have time to explain that change. He said merely, "I'm sorry, but I can't use you," and hung up.

Marlon Brando, sitting across the desk

from the director, his chin sunk into his chest, his neck disappearing into the seat of the chair, growled, "So that's the way the great director gets rid of the poor devils who are trying to get jobs . . ." He continued this needling for several minutes until the director, a kindly man, made arrangements to interview the boy and explain in person that the coveted part simply didn't exist in the picture.

Marlon Brando, personally, summons from sound stage to New York theatre and back again a group that might be called the Brando Repertory Company. When Brando works, so do they. "Julius Caesar" represented one of the finest spoils systems of Brando's career, because the mob scenes were numerous and populous. Practically everyone with whom Marlon had ever worked was with him somewhere in the busy and bloody tale of the Roman dictator.

When Marlon went to work in "The Wild One" he handed Mr. Benedek a long list of names and telephone numbers. "These are the people I'd like to have working with me," he said in a tone of sweet compliance, as if the list



Betty Grable and her husband, Harry James, enjoying their favorite sport. "Harry has the disposition of an angel. I have not. He taught me to relax."

had been sought from him well in advance of production and he was happy to do management this favor.

Marlon has been known to treat world-famed columnists as if they were imbeciles, but when the seventeen-year-old daughter of a friend of a studio workman asked for an interview to be published in her school paper, Marlon was charming. He spent almost two hours on the set with the girl, answering her questions with grave consideration, talking to her about her experiences in Europe (*she was a native of Austria*) and asking advice about sights to see and places worth visiting on the Continent.

She went away wondering how certain powerful reporters could be so unfair to a man of the greatest courtesy. The answer was, of course, that Marlon Brando does not hunt rabbits. When he goes gunning, it is for game equipped to inflict as much damage, or ideally, more, than he can.

Quite a lot has been written about his financial foibles. For years he made it a practice to borrow money indiscriminately, and never pay it back. The reverse side of this coin was that anyone who needed a loan could ask Marlon for it and be assured of his turned-out pockets. If he had fifty dollars or five cents it went to the petitioner and Marlon didn't expect to be repaid. Money, his attitude seemed to say, was like air; everyone should be able to get as much for personal use as he needed. Who would think of storing up air? Or attempting to return it, once used?

Marlon's father, an orthodox type, began to collect Marlon's checks, invest the funds, and dole out a weekly allowance. Marlon, nowadays, is always broke on allowance-day-plus-one, mainly because he now repays everything he has borrowed during the lean six days of the previous week.

It would be unrealistic to say that he doesn't appreciate the problem and the power of money, because he does—in his own way. During the filming of "The Wild One" a workman was injured in one of those rare accidents that sometimes occur during a complicated sequence.

The following day, one of the man's friends took up a collection. Most fellow workers gave five or ten dollars; Marlon had been in touch with his agency and had floated a loan of two hundred dollars which he dropped in the hat, in cash.

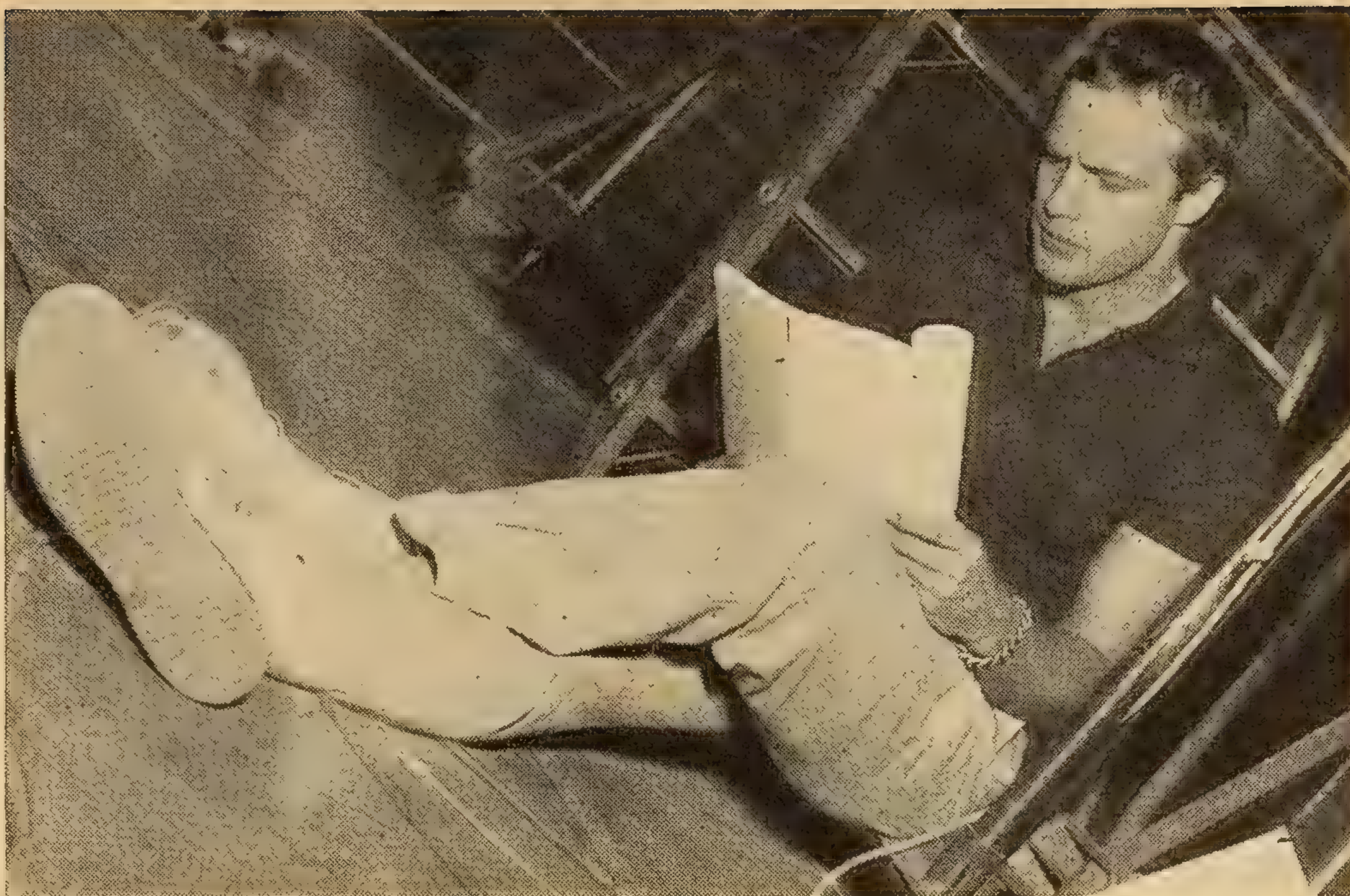
The collector protested that Marlon was being too generous, but Marlon insisted on giving the whole amount.

"It's really swell of you to give so much," the man said.

Marlon looked thoughtful. "It's nice to have it so that it *can* be given," he murmured. "Sometimes I haven't been able to help as much as I've wanted, but it's great to have it when someone needs it."

The air-for-all attitude once again, you will notice.

Even the Brando sense of humor contains, for other people, almost as much shock as laughter. After a several



The indifferent Marlon Brando has been known to treat world famous columnists as if they were imbeciles, yet grant interview to high school paper.

months' absence from Hollywood, he turned up in the office of a friend one afternoon. During a previous stay in Hollywood he had been a great favorite of the wife of the man to whom he was talking. When Brando asked after the lady's health, her husband nodded to the telephone and suggested, "Why don't you call her? She'd love to hear from you—might invite you out for dinner."

Eagerly, Brando dialed the number. When the woman he liked so well answered, he said in a disguised but magnificently official voice, "This is the Edison Gas Company of Southern California and I regret to inform you that, because of your failure to pay for service, and your ignoring our repeated notices of delinquency, we must cut off your service this afternoon. Only your immediate appearance at our offices can forestall this."

There is no Edison Gas Company in Southern California, of course, a fact that—in the excitement—escaped the lady. She checked her receipted bills, telephoned the company which *did* supply her service and gave them a bad thirty minutes. She still doesn't know what imp tossed the monkey wrench in the gas works.

On another occasion Brando had been awol for forty-eight hours when he was needed for retakes. At length he wandered into the office of a friend and was told that Stanley Kramer, his agency, and half of the West Coast was ferreting for Brando. Marlon made no answer. He simply dialed his agency office, growled, "This is Stanley Kramer. Unless you bring Brando to my office within the next hour, our deal is off," and hung up.

Every man in the agency was alerted and dispatched in search of a man who, if he chose to avoid apprehension, couldn't be found by a psychic St. Bernard accompanied by a brace of bloodhounds.

Now and then the telephonic Brando has dialed a wrong number. One drowsy

three a.m. when a Brando picture was about three-fourths completed, Marlon telephoned a studio official to say, "This is Jones of The Times. We have a report that Marlon Brando has been critically injured in an automobile accident. Have you any further information?"

Shot back the official, "We understand that both legs and both arms are broken and we shall have to replace him in the picture."

There was a shocked silence and then a plaintive reply, "My gosh, that's a fine attitude. You don't even sound sorry."

Occasionally his sense of humor takes a quotable turn. While he was working in "The Wild One" he reported to the set one morning to spy cameraman Hal Mohr bundled up in beret, woolen muffler, windbreaker, riding trousers and puttees, an outfit that was traditional in the more exotic days of motion pictures. Brando studied this jazz age costume and queried with a straight face, "Where's Clara Bow?"

It is pleasant to be able to report that so self-possessed a human being has his weaknesses. He has a terrible time remembering both names *and* faces. The average human being recalls one or the other, suffers agonies during mental delving for the missing jigsaw of identity. Brando loses both completely out of his consciousness.

He tells this story on himself: he boarded a New York bus one afternoon, sat next to a man who greeted him instantly by name and whose conversation indicated that the speaker was familiar with Brando's latest play, with his previous successes, and with his contemplated future. Marlon was more than affable while writhing mentally in an effort toward even partial recall.

Not until several hours later did Marlon remember that his "intimate friend" had been the attendant in the men's room in a small Harlem night club which Marlon had visited at wide intervals.

It is also pleasant to report that Mar-

lon Brando is flexible. A good deal has been written about his addiction to sneakers, sweat shirts and jeans. However, when he had completed arrangements to spend the Summer in Europe, he ordered, and stood patiently to be fitted for, three tailor-made suits. He also invested in the essential white shirts, ties, socks, and shoes demanded by the suits.

Let not these purchases be interpreted as an indication of the emergence of "the new Marlon Brando," however. A few hours after taking the suits home, he rushed down to Main Street to take advantage of the bankrupt sale of a

sports store. Among such theft-priced items as surplus skis, racing skates, catcher's mitts, and safari equipment, he located two pairs of boxing gloves, hastened to the home of Dick Erdman (*the hour was midnight and Dick had to work the next day*) and conned Dick into a boxing match.

"A little exercise is the best thing in the world for a guy," said Marlon Brando. "Especially when he has a hard day ahead."

Dick Erdman refrained from answering. The Brando left, like many other of his attributes, is tricky. And authoritative. END

WHAT DO MEN KNOW ABOUT WOMEN!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

anger, intrigue, anything at all. Must love *always* be a battle? Well, let me tell you right now that no man is going to keep me from leading the life I want. Everybody is entitled to fulfillment, and that includes me and every other woman in the world."

The arrival of the make-up artist gave Zsa Zsa a chance to catch her breath and me my balance. So Zsa Zsa had revived the battle of the sexes with a vengeance and had taken over the starring role. Glamorous, tantalizing, witty and experienced, she was certainly a formidable general to lead the fray against us poor, defenseless males. As she is the first to admit, in her disarming manner, she has had an extraordinary opportunity, fully taken advantage of, to study the male of the species intimately in a dozen countries, through five languages and three marriages—the first to Burhan Belgee, the one-time Turkish ambassador to Hungary; the second to American business tycoon Conrad Hilton, and the third to Hollywood star George Sanders.

I watched Zsa Zsa loosen her tight-fitting, white terry-cloth robe, revealing her perfectly-molded shoulders, as she discussed lipsticks and pancake shadings. I had come from Paris to ask Zsa Zsa several questions, but I decided to postpone them to another time and to stimulate her train of thought instead. I bluntly asked her if George, who was just finishing a film in Rome with Ingrid Bergman, had something to do with her state of mind. She looked at me sharply through the mirror, then smiled, her face softening.

"Naturally. He's my husband, isn't he? He's so maddening. He simply refuses to remember that after all, I'm a person too. You know what he said? That if a woman had to have a head, they ought to operate and remove the brain! I don't like that kind of talk."

She turned, looked into my eyes, almost a little girl uncertain of her behavior. "Perhaps it's not a good idea to talk about George and me as much as I do. But I can't seem to help it. Our marriage is difficult, very difficult. But so many are, aren't they? Other men and women have serious problems to

contend with, and painful periods of adjustment, and have worked things out successfully, haven't they? We quarreled again this morning, but tonight, when he calls from Rome, we'll make up. I know, because I love him. I love him very much, but I can't help thinking that I love him more than he loves me." She turned back to the mirror, suddenly wistful. She studied herself for a moment, then allowed the make-up woman to start rouging her piquant lips. Almost at once, she pushed the lipstick from her, and twisted her slender body toward me.

"I've sounded a bit harsh, haven't I? Forgive me, mon cher. Let me tell you a joke on myself, and you'll see that I really haven't changed. You know how unintentionally I say foolish things. Well, I was on the radio in Philadelphia just before I came to Paris. The station was owned by the man who runs the Philadelphia Inquirer. The nice woman who was interviewing me asked me what I knew about her city. I went blank. All I could remember were the cute ads I saw in magazines, so I said: 'Only that everybody, but everybody reads the Bulletin!' I saw her face freeze. I only found out later that I'd given the rival paper all that free publicity!"

We both laughed heartily. The make-up artist, without understanding, broke into a grin. Just then the script boy came in to tell *Lola La Blonde*—as Zsa Zsa is known in "Public Enemy No. 1"—that she would be wanted on the set in fifteen minutes. I said I would wait outside so that she could get dressed.

Hundreds of extras ready for the next take were moving about in the lovely gardens just outside the sound stage. It was a beautiful day and it was pleasant to be out in the air. I began to chat with a group of actors, and discovered that one of them was David Opatoshu, featured as *Slim The Killer*, the only other American imported to France for the film.

Before long, the always-on-time Zsa Zsa came toward me, dressed in a handsomely-tailored, black gabardine suit, its simple lines relieved by a jaunty black-and-white polka-dot hat and



"Believe me, at heart, I'm what you call a conformist," says Zsa Zsa.

matching scarf. Several diamond clips glittered in the sun.

Fernandel, her co-star, stopped her. Zsa Zsa brought him over and introduced him. "Such a master of comedy, *absolument formidable*. And he's taught me so much about timing, too. He's *such* a darling." Fernandel grinned from ear-to-ear, kissed her affectionately on both cheeks. "Jose Ferrer was very patient with me in 'Moulin Rouge,' and taught me a great deal too." "And George," I asked? "George hasn't taught me a thing. Not one darn thing! I'm going to become a good actress, in spite of him. I'm very serious about my career. Of course, it takes time and work, and after all, in acting, as in love, it's experience that counts."

"You've had a lot to say about men. How about some straight talk about women?" I suggested. Zsa Zsa stood pensive for a moment, then began.

"Primarily, a woman must have self-fulfillment," she started. "This comes through work, marriage, motherhood, or in a combination of the three. Marriage is an absolute necessity for me. I'm a woman who must be married, always. Now I know that surprises you. You're thinking only of my escapades and my caprices. But believe me, at heart, I'm really what you call a conformist. I have George—at least I think I do, my beloved little Francesca, Conrad's daugh-

ter who's now five, and my work, which I absolutely adore. In many ways, I'm a very lucky woman, though I understand just what the exquisite Marlene Dietrich meant when she once said to me that she might have been better off with a happy marriage and five children instead of her career.

"I think I know a very sound test for self-fulfillment. Every woman should ask herself, am I at peace with myself, deep down in my heart? I wonder whether my dear friend, Ava Gardner, has asked herself that question? She's in Spain now, supposedly to rest. I worry about her. No one is lovelier or more talented. She is really such a sweet and simple girl, but she is ruining her health, and even perhaps her future, trying so desperately to be what she isn't. I long to say to her, 'Ava, darling, relax. Relax, and be yourself.'

"I am myself in pictures, I think. And that's why I enjoy making them. I'm a firm believer in the term 'show business.' It means exactly that to me. Show yourself, your own personality. I've tried to do that, and so far, thank heavens, the public has been interested.

"There is no fulfillment whatsoever in trying to be different, trying to be somebody else. I know! This is true even in the clothes a woman chooses for herself. A woman makes a serious mistake if she allows what she wears to over-

whelm her personality. Her clothes must accentuate her own special charm, her own, real quality. This is as true of the exquisite Dior, Fath and Griffe gowns that I adore as it is of clothes far less expensive. Have you noticed the French girls? Of course, you have! They have very little to spend on clothes, much less than the average American girl, and yet, they are so clever with what they have. Give them a well-tailored skirt, a simple sweater and blouse, and *voila!* So chic, and with their good taste, so successful in revealing the individual qualities which are truly theirs.

"There's one more thing I think is very important. To have faith. Faith in yourself, faith in God. If you do, you can do anything you set your mind and heart to. Anything. I believe that with all my soul. I believe it, because so far, it's worked for me."

The assistant director interrupted to tell Zsa Zsa that *Lola La Blonde* would be wanted on the set in two minutes. "Darling, I must go, *toute de suite*. Isn't Paris simply wonderful? Doesn't it do things to you?" I agreed that Paris did. "The truth is that I exist for men. But I also exist for *myself*. If men could only recognize that we can give them so much more, as wives, companions, and partners in love, if we are fulfilled as human beings. Love doesn't have to be a

battle. It shouldn't be. No woman wants it to be!"

The lovely Zsa Zsa suddenly laughed and put her hand on my arm. "If after all the things everybody knows, you dare say that I hate men, I'll never speak to you again. I get along very well with men." "And women," I quickly interjected? "Most women," she replied just as quickly, her eyes wicked again. "Men are so attractive! Yul Brynner, for example. If he and I make a picture together, I guarantee you that we won't need 3-dimension! And Robert Mitchum, oo-la-la. And I'd have no objection in the world to kicking Marlon Brando around—in a picture, of course," she added with a sly wink. "And then there's George. There's always George. I hope there always will be. I could be so happy with him. So very happy."

She smiled, squeezed my hand. "*La vie continue, n'est-ce pas?*" I nodded. "*Au revoir, mon ami. Merci mille fois pour votre visite.*"

I watched her go on to the set, *Lola La Blonde*, leader of the gang in "Public Enemy No. 1." The battle of the sexes might wax hotter and heavier in the months to come, but all I could think of was what fun it would be to fight with the tantalizing and beguiling Zsa Zsa. What man wouldn't?

Paris, France

IS IT WORTH THE EFFORT?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

stimulate women so that they want to adopt a little of the glamour of the movie star. On the contrary, it encourages a laziness. It makes a woman feel that it's not important to be attractive. She then refuses to do the work necessary to put her best self forward.

Of course, it's not too hard for a star to look great in front of the camera with a bevy of hairdressers, wardrobe designers, and coiffure experts on hand to help. But when she goes home at night she faces the same temptations ordinary housewives do—the temptation to say, "Hang the glamour. I want to be comfortable." A hesitant hand then reaches for a pair of untidy slacks, a mussed-up blouse. And the hair is allowed to hang in strings.

Here is where the mental attitude towards glamour comes in. A woman has to school herself to be attractive. She has to make up her mind that she is going to let nothing make her look slovenly.

I have days when having to be glamorous at the studio all day becomes tiresome. When I go home I have three youngsters to take care of—Penny, 7, Tony, 6, and Timmy, 4. I could easily use my children as an excuse for getting sloppy. This is when I call upon that extra amount of energy. This is when I remember I must please my husband by looking attractive and still be dressed in such a way so that I can romp with the children. I put on pedal pushers, a clean T-shirt, perhaps with a turtle neck, I

tie my hair back with a ribbon, and I'm all set for a session with my youngsters. Maybe I'd like to dress in velvets and silks, but if I did I'd have to spend my time with the children saying, "Get off of Mommy."

Fortunately, my husband, Tony, likes me in pedal pushers. He thinks they look cute—and I'm not sure whether that is a compliment to me or not.

After I've played with the children and they've gone to bed, I'm frankly tired. But many times I've had to get dressed again to go to a premiere or party. Often I have wanted to skip the whole thing and just stay home, but I have learned this is one temptation I must resist. Part of my job is going to such places—and I have to look my best. The housewife has the same problem to meet. She can stagnate at home and be a bore to her husband and herself or she can get up that extra energy, dress up, look attractive, and go out for the evening.

Getting dressed up needn't be a big production. Some women waste a lot of time applying generous amounts of make-up, perhaps to hide a face that wasn't carefully washed. Or they put on a dress in a haphazard manner because they're too lazy to spend time working out an attractive outfit to wear. The time spent in putting on the make-up is all-consuming when good soap and water on the face will, in most cases, look a lot better and take half the time. So in dress or cosmetics, it's the mental ap-



Zsa Zsa at Paris fashion show with Porfirio Rubirosa, Doris Duke's ex.

proach to the situation that counts. It's the attitude of *wanting* to be well groomed.

It takes time to choose the proper accessories to wear with a dress and to be sure the various colors in an outfit match, but the results will be worth it. If such care and time are taken you'll feel sharp instead of dumpy. Ever go to a party when you knew you hadn't taken time to look your best? Remember how uninteresting you were to yourself and others?

The biggest problem about looking attractive is the budget. And yet even that has been taken care of recently.

I enjoy dressing up. I love clothes. And yet I have learned that they needn't be a forbidding expense, not with the many stores around that feature fine fashions at low prices. I try to conserve my money by buying suits or dresses that will either fit accessories I already have or that will establish a pattern. As a result, I'm safe with greys and blacks. Even when I buy an evening gown I try to make it match other things I already own. Planning such a wardrobe is a detailed kind of job, but a necessary one.

Some women use a budget as an excuse for looking untidy. "I can't afford to buy a new dress," they'll say. Perhaps this is true in some cases, but how often is this used as an "out" for a lazy nature? Maybe shopping is a bore to such women. Maybe they hate to try on clothes. These seem to be the more likely reasons because most women have a way of getting a new dress if they want it enough.

It is possible on small budgets to look well-groomed. Not only are there stores featuring low prices on good clothes, but there are countless women's and fan magazines that give invaluable tips on how to buy smart but inexpensive clothes. If a woman is sufficiently interested in how she looks, she'll find a way to keep herself attractive—and do it inexpensively.

Most women claim they dress to please their husbands first, but at the same time some will say they can't be the pretty little housewife and take care of a house and children all day. It's startling how often children are used to excuse a woman's lack of interest in herself.

Certainly it takes effort for any mother to be attractive and interesting to her husband after a day's work in the house. But that's just when she has to work harder to keep from getting sloppy. She is, after all, setting an example by her appearance for her children to follow, and she is either going to make her husband more interested in her or more bored by her. It all depends on her attitude.

If she regulates herself and budgets the time right she can do all she is supposed to. She can take care of the children, straighten the house, do her chores, and she still can, if she wants to, find fifteen minutes to make herself look attractive before her husband comes home. Not that he wants her to look like Lana Turner all the time—if he does he's in for a few surprises! Nor does he expect

her to flit around the place saying, "See how neat the house looks, dear?" There is the right balance—and it's the balance all women find if they're to be seen to advantage.

Again it's how a woman feels inside. She doesn't have to have a fancy hairdo to be attractive. She doesn't have to have a large wardrobe. The key, at least as I see it, is simplicity in appearance and, above all, a sparkle in the eyes, a shiny face, and a ready smile. These are the big requirements for real glamour.

No woman will get in a rut of complacency and indifference if she will adopt interests outside of her home. If she just goes shopping one day a week or plays a game of cards or has lunch with a friend, she will be sufficiently stimulated to go back to her home and its duties without letting them engulf her. She will then not be tempted to become slovenly.

She will also be in better spirits when her husband comes home because she has had a little change in her daily schedule. Yet, some women have said they can't find the time to take off even once a week. Any woman can find the time—if she really wants to.

It's not even a bad idea for a woman to try something entirely different in the matter of dress or hair-do just to have a change. There is, of course, the possibility that her husband won't like what she's done, but she should not be afraid to change!

Once I came home sporting a new hair-do. Tony took one look at it and yelled.

"Just a minute, dear," I said quietly. "It will look different when I put on my evening gown tonight."

He still yelled, but when I put on the gown he reluctantly admitted that the hair wasn't so bad. However, I didn't keep it that way for long.

Another time I had to be a blonde for a picture and Tony hated my hair that color. I kept assuring him it was only for the picture, but he said, "Maybe you'll

learn to like it and won't want to change it." And, "Maybe you'll get another picture and you'll have to be a blonde again."

As a matter of fact, another picture did come up where I was to be a blonde, but I managed to convince the studio I should have my hair naturally dark. My point, then, is simply this—even if I had liked myself as a blonde I wouldn't have kept it that shade because Tony didn't like it. You see, I work on the theory that women dress first for their husbands, then for what they feel best in, and finally to intrigue other men they meet—as well as women who are constantly surveying them with a critical eye.

Speaking of hair, for a long time I had wanted to darken mine, part it in the middle, and wear bangs, but when I was at MGM I was told bangs wouldn't look good on me. Finally, when I went to Columbia for a Western, I asked Helen Hunt, the women's hairdresser, if she could fix my hair differently. She suggested bangs and a part in the middle—and a darker shade. That's the way I wear it now and it feels wonderful.

Women, to be attractive, should concentrate on hair. Beauty parlors are fine once a week for proper styling if you can afford them, but if not you can take care of your hair yourself by reading tips in magazines. If your hair isn't naturally curly, a short bob that is easy to manage is a real aid to your appearance. And an occasional permanent can help. This you can also do yourself. I know it takes time to do all this work but it's time well spent. As a matter of fact, I do my own hair very often.

It's a good idea, I think, to try new hair-dos as well as to try new outfits. Take the time to figure out what makes you look best. If you try something radically different and it doesn't work out, at least you're trying.

I've never made any radical changes in manner of dress, but I did decide to



Donna Reed with Montgomery Clift and Frank Sinatra between scenes of "From Here To Eternity." Says Donna, "Attractiveness comes from within."

buy a hat once. It was when I started work at MGM. I was so impressed by my weekly salary of \$75 a week that I went shopping in a swank store. The saleslady showed me every hat possible and finally out of desperation I bought one. It was a tangerine shade and went way up one side and had a feather on it. I never wore it, but I had fun buying it.

However, of all the problems women face to be attractive, the biggest is weight. This is especially true after marriage. And, let's be honest, in most cases unsightly pounds are usually due to laziness.

Most girls before they marry are very careful about their weight. They have to look attractive to land their men. So what happens to this interest in their appearance after marriage? The attitude changes abruptly.

Doctors advise women to find their proper weight and stick to it, and not even allow for a variance of three pounds one way or the other. To lose and gain pounds too often works havoc on the skin. Too much weight is a demoralizing thing to a woman. When she finds her clothes no longer fit she begins to feel listless and defeated. Yet, this can largely

be corrected by proper diet and exercise. Please note that both "cures" require work and a real interest in improving an appearance.

As far as any tips are concerned for general attractiveness, they involve work and care—but they're important.

In matters of make-up and dress, I believe in simplicity. The less make-up and fewer accessories the better. The smarter and simpler the dress the better. In the matter of dress, though, I don't believe in women's caring so little about their own individuality that they adopt any new fashion trend that comes along. A fashion is not right if it doesn't look good on you, so that's why I have an aversion to following "high fashion." Not every woman can be the tall, slender girl you see in smart fashion magazines. Nor can she wear all the accessories. Each must find what is the right style for her and ignore the tendency to follow the mob. Think of yourself as an individual.

I'm all for glamour—and the job it involves because in working at being attractive you become a more interesting person to yourself and to others. To look sloppy is an admission to everyone of your own inefficiency!

END

HEAD START FOR BEAUTY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

kept the hair length at a happy medium and the line of the coiffure fairly flat at the sides. In her design in the small top photograph the line is quite different and there is a certain amount of fullness. The middle photograph shows even longer hair, with the bangs curled into a pompadour effect. The third hairstyle is planned for very short hair and the bangs are the merest fringe.


No matter which one of these arrangements you choose, you're going to find that the hairdressers' best friend is also your own friend—that fine mist that they spray on to add sheen and keep every hair in place. You can safely bet that it's Helene Curtis' Spray Net, a grooming aid that had endeared itself to professionals a long time before it was available across the counter. Try using it regularly and you'll discover that you have to set your hair much less frequently. The trick is to spray your hair lightly just after you've finished "doing" it. The Spray Net will keep the arrangement intact so efficiently that waves and curls don't get a chance to relax and go limp.

We've been putting the cart before the horse so to speak, in not suggesting a series of reconditioning treatments before we started on hair-dos. If your hair is out of condition from a Summer of drying sun-scorch, Breck treatments are really tops in this field, and they have an especially good one for coping with sun-damaged hair. Your beautician would be delighted to give you these Breck Cream Treatments, of course, or you can buy a tube to use

at home. In either case, the procedure is the same. First, a thorough shampoo and rinse. Next, a conscientious application of the Cream Treatment to your wet head. Comb your hair after you've put on the cream so the distribution will be even. Follow this by a heat treatment (*dip a towel in hot water, wring it out and wear it as a turban until it's no longer warm*). There's nothing in the least complicated about the routine.

Perhaps your hair isn't out of condition at all and what you'd like most to do would be to glamorize its color to make your new hair-do even more effective. Probably the easiest solution of all is to use a Roux Color Shampoo. There are sixteen natural-looking Roux shades to choose from so that you can see what a simple matter it will be to find a color you like. The shampoo is worked right into the hair without benefit of any special equipment, then water is added to produce a cleansing lather. Rinsing is the final step. The time required from start to finish is only 25 minutes. Your favorite beauty salon gives these Roux treatments and you can also get the Color Shampoo at drug and department stores for use at home.

A quite different preparation that you should know about is Richard Hudnut's Light and Bright. This is neither a shampoo, a dye nor a rinse. You just apply it to your hair to lighten and brighten the color. You don't even have to time it or rinse it out afterward. The action is controlled and very gradual so that there's no possibility of going too light. With the first application you



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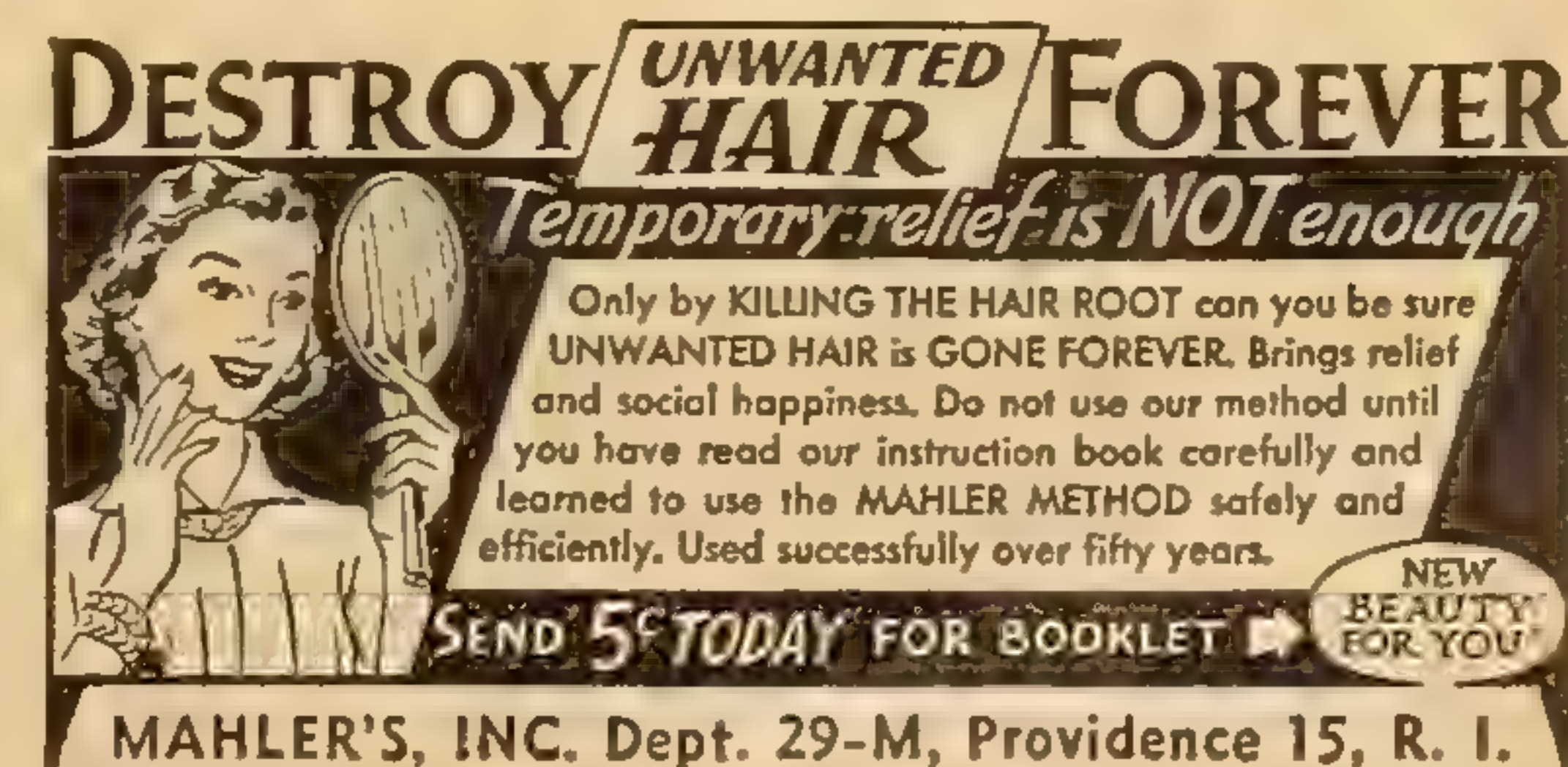


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notice definite brightening and a slight lightening. Each application after that will lighten more. (*Light and Bright won't wash out or fade out*). You yourself decide whether you want your hair a little or a lot lighter and plan the number of applications accordingly. You'll find that there's absolutely no ammonia or alkali in the formula nor any unpleasant odor. In fact, it won't even stain. All of these advantages help to put it in a class by itself.

Another thing that could make a big difference to your hair is the introduction of Clairol's new Hairdew in beauty salons throughout the country. A Hairdew treatment costs under a dollar, but it accomplishes all the things that pomades, waving lotions and cream rinses are used for, plus improving the condition of the hair. In other words, it's quite a remarkable preparation. The treatment takes practically no time at all. Hairdew is sprinkled onto your hair immediately after it's been shampooed. Your hair is then combed, set, and dried. The new chemical principle utilized in Hairdew lets it combine instantly with the hair so that all its good work can be done in the short period it takes to complete the setting of your hair.

Up to this point we haven't said a

word about shampoos, so without more ado we'll remind you that these hard working essentials-to-beauty have an enormous amount to do with the success of your hair-do. A good shampoo is a primary means of maintaining a good-looking head of hair. It's also the simplest means of erasing every trace of an unsuccessful hair-style so you can start fresh for a new arrangement. If you've been using Lustre-Creme, you already know that it contains enough lanolin to give it very special non-drying qualities. What you may not know is that Lustre-Creme now can be had in a new lotion form with all the superior properties of the well-loved creme shampoo incorporated. It's economical, too—bottles are priced from 30c to \$1.

And now, before you get to work on the business of giving yourself a head start to beauty, we'd like to caution you about bobby pins. Be sure to get rubber-tipped pins and be sure that they have a crimp that will keep them in place. It may sound elementary but it's important. Solo Bob Pins have both virtues and the advantage of being on sale in your own neighborhood variety store. You can get 90 petite size Solo pins for 25c, or 75 of the regular size for the same price.

END

TOM MORTON: My best date took place in Mary Pickford's old dressing room on the Goldwyn lot, where we were shooting "Main Street To Broadway." The lady in question was Miss Tallulah Bankhead. She was occupying Miss Pickford's dressing room, and one day she invited me to come in for lunch. I was pleased and flattered at her interest and friendliness. She sat and talked and gave me wonderful advice about my career. "You will be another John Garfield," she told me. She told me tales of her own stage and screen experiences. I sat listening, enthralled by this fascinating woman. We have since become good friends. I shall never forget that very special date, with a great lady of the theatre, in the dressing room of one of the greatest ladies the screen will ever know.

PETER LAWFORD: My best date? I'm afraid I can't name a special glamour girl and tell you that she was my best date on a special occasion. But this is the *kind* of date I enjoy most. I like nothing better than to put my surf board in my station wagon, drive to San Orfre, which is below Laguna, and spend the day surfing. I like to take along food and cook it on the beach when night is beginning to fall. I like to sit on the beach afterwards and talk and listen to the waves and even sing a bit perhaps. If I am fortunate enough to have a companion with me who is at home in blue-jeans, who shares my love for the water, who enjoys a meal cooked in the open more than one in a night club, then that's my idea of a tip-top date. Know what? A lot of fellows feel very much the same way, I've found.

FARLEY GRANGER: A memory I will treasure forever was a date I had in Paris. The young lady was the charming

MY BEST DATE SO FAR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

picture of her brother. We did look alike. She was a wonderful skater and she tried to work on my technique, which is terrible I wanted to ask to take her home but I had only ten cents left at that point. Finally I told her the truth. She laughed and said that she would furnish subway fare. We walked up and down Broadway and talked and talked. She was so sweet. After I shipped out, she wrote me several times. I haven't seen her since and probably I never will again, but I will never forget her sweet friendliness to a lonely kid during the war.

ROBERT STACK: A date I will never forget was a completely unexpected one. It took place several years ago when I had been vacationing at Lake Tahoe. A dear friend of mine of many years was recuperating from a serious illness at a place nearby. I telephoned her and after much persuasion on my part, she consented to let me take her out for an evening of fun. It was wonderful seeing her again. We talked and danced for hours. Late in the evening the band broke into a familiar song, and I and the others present asked my companion to sing. She was reluctant, but she finally consented. Something magical seemed to happen to her as she stood before that unfamiliar audience and began to sing. Something magical seemed to happen to the crowd also. I sat and listened, and I knew that my friend was going to get well, that she would lick her ill-

ness. As the last strains of "Over The Rainbow" ended—for that was the song—Judy Garland returned to my table with tears in her eyes, but with hope in her heart.



One of the most dated girls in Hollywood since the breakup of her engagement is Mitzi Gaynor, here shown with Jack Bean arriving for gala premiere.

Jeanmaire. I love Paris, and to have the privilege of spending an evening with one who knew and appreciated its beauty and magic as much as I, was a true thrill for me. We went to a wonderful place for dinner, a restaurant owned by a young GI who had returned to Paris after the War and established a highly successful eating spot. Later we went to Montparnasse and danced. It was decidedly different from any other night club I have ever been to. At one point all the dancers on the floor get down on their knees and do a crazy dance, and when the music stops, each gentleman kisses the lady who happens to be beside him. It sounds as crazy as a high school party, and it was, and just as much fun. Later we went to other spots and dawn was just coming up when I took Jeanmaire home. It was a date which will remain in my memory as a lovely evening with a wonderful companion in the most captivating of all cities.

CRAIG HILL: Two particular dates stand out in my memory and I can't honestly say which of them I enjoyed most. Each was spontaneous; maybe combustible is a better word. The young lady of the first instance was Debbie Reynolds. One afternoon, on the spur of the moment, we put on old bluejeans and went tearing off to the opening of the Clyde Beatty circus, which had arrived in town. We did all the crazy things two kids do at a circus—ate peanuts, popcorn, went to all the side shows, and laughed ourselves sick at the clowns. When I got home that night, that little stick of dynamite had given me such a run that I fell into bed and didn't move a muscle until the next morning.

The other date I remember vividly was with Susan Zanuck. We had been to a formal party given by Hedda Hopper,

and we were dressed fit to kill. We left with Norma and Keefe Brasselle, and for no good reason except natural foolishness, we decided to go to an amusement park. We rode roller coasters, raced each other in the midget autos, looped the loop until we were dizzy, and had the time of our lives. Miss Hopper would have been surprised if she could have seen her bedraggled guests when we finally got ourselves home from her very formal party.

RICHARD ALLAN: I've been lucky to have had a number of very glamorous and charming dates since I came to Hollywood, but I can't honestly say that any of them has given me quite the thrill of a date I had back in Ohio when I was sixteen. The governor's inauguration ball was coming up in Springfield, which was about 35 miles from our home. By conniving, four of us youngsters had contrived to get invitations. My date was Mary, my childhood sweetheart, who was sixteen also. It was the first formal affair for either of us. I borrowed tails for the occasion and let me tell you, when I got the first look at myself in the mirror, I felt like a real man! I knew that Mary was to wear a lovely organdy dress and I had carefully selected a corsage, the first flowers I ever gave a girl. Imagine my consternation when I went to call for her to find she'd decided to wear another dress! However, the flowers proved adaptable. The four of us drove through a heavy rain to the ball, danced our feet off until they put out the lights, then stopped at an all-night stand for hamburgers. We got home around four in the morning. It was a date I'll never forget. Mary is married now and has two children, and when I go back home we have a fine old time reminiscing about that great night. **END**

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, ELIZABETH!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

already knows she's on her own, and I think it would almost be redundant for me to repeat publicly what I've said to her privately."

Inspired portrayer of the psychiatric killer in movies' unforgettable "Night Must Fall," and the tragic alcoholic of TV's still talked-about "Appointment In Samarra," Mr. Montgomery has no false illusions about acting as a career—especially where it concerns his own flesh and blood.

"I think that Elizabeth has a sane, sober view of the pitfalls and problems of her vocation," he says. "There's a theory, for instance, that failure in the profession is a pretty tragic thing. It's pretty well founded, too, because failure in anything to which someone is personally dedicated is sad.

"But equally sad, I think, is the lack of ability on the part of most people to accept success gracefully, or to recognize what actually IS success," he goes on. "In other words, there's always confu-

sion between notoriety and fame, and stardom as we know it today is an eminent position which, to my own knowledge, has so far been attained by five horses and four dogs (*at least as far as motion pictures are concerned.*) So mere stardom wouldn't be what you might call success."

In Robert Montgomery's opinion, stardom really has to do with personal development—which, it seems, Elizabeth is accomplishing admirably on her own—and a certain amount of ego, which Elizabeth perhaps has yet to recognize.

Guardedly he says, "Nobody worth his salt in this business lacks ego, and I assume that anybody who's in any form of activity must have a certain amount of ego about what he does, no matter how simple or complicated his job. What Elizabeth will have to understand is that it's a question of not letting the ego grow out of proportion to the actual accomplishment."

At this point of the interview, we



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Robert Montgomery and daughter, Elizabeth, 20, rehearsing scene for her TV debut. When she was 12 he promised he'd appear in her first show.

asked Mr. Montgomery, "What have you done so far in showing Elizabeth the ropes?"

"That's a good phrase," he acknowledged, "because I haven't handed the ropes to her, nor have I attempted to pull them."

For example, in setting up Elizabeth Montgomery's NBC-TV debut in "Top Secret," her father only went so far as to fulfill a promise he had made her when she was 12. The promise was that when she made her first public appearance, Robert Montgomery would make it with her.

"Elizabeth asked for that, I didn't demand it," he says. "I had promised that when the time came, I'd be there. Maybe only as a stage manager, but I'd be there."

When Neptune Productions, which Mr. Montgomery owns, got the script, it called for a father-daughter relationship, and Elizabeth was tremendously excited about doing it with him. He told her she could, if she'd go to Norman Felton, the director, and read for him.

"I told Elizabeth that if Mr. Felton were satisfied with her reading, I was sure he'd let me know," recalls Robert Montgomery. "On the other hand, if he were dissatisfied, I was equally sure he would let me know."

But the director liked the young actress' reading. And she went through the regular routine that any player has to go through in order to get the job. But even then, Robert Montgomery—proud father and important NBC-TV executive—didn't kid himself.

"Perhaps during the reading, Elizabeth didn't do as well now and again as she should, and perhaps they thought, 'Well, she's Mr. M's daughter—maybe we'd better do something about it'—but I don't think they thought that way," he says. "Their instructions from me

were that Elizabeth was coming up to read, and that I knew she would have competitors—so, if her reading wasn't right, I would understand perfectly."

Truth of the matter is that Elizabeth went at it very professionally, worked very hard at her first professional assignment, and—in the opinion of her father—did an acceptable job. Good press notices, and the recognition of NBC production bigwigs that here was a new and promising young actress, earned her the coveted contract for the Summer stock appearances—and no one could have been happier than Mr. Montgomery himself.

"Stage fathers," he will tell you truthfully, "can find that if the help they provide is *real* help, it can't boomerang. But if the father, in trying to help his child, is also trying to help himself—that can be very bad, indeed."

"A desire on the part of the father to direct the progress of the child's career would do irreparable harm," he continues. "The child should have the right to make his own mistakes—that's a right he shouldn't be deprived of. My hope, of course, is that Elizabeth will be able to profit by her successes and learn from her failures. While she may always feel that her father is there to discuss things if she wants to—it should always be on an adult basis. That way, we'll both feel more comfortable."

Actually, Elizabeth Montgomery has much to be thankful for in her own right. Born on April 15, 1933, in Los Angeles, her life and her schooling has been a well-planned, well-rounded one. She attended the Westlake School for Girls for 11 years, the serenity of her life interrupted only by an exciting trip to London and Paris with her father, when she was six.

In Elizabeth's junior year of high school, she moved to New York to at-

tend the famous Spence School, from which she was graduated in June, 1951. A devotee of drama, English literature and history, Elizabeth also swings a mean hockey stick, has acquired a number of ribbons for her superb horsemanship, but bows her head in defeat to her tennis-minded father on the tennis courts. Graduation, after two years of hard work at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City, finds her facing the acting world as an appetizing oyster.

When you meet Elizabeth for the first time, there is a refreshing breeziness, a buoyancy about her that in some people could be exhausting, but in Elizabeth, on the contrary, is strangely relaxing. Her voice is full and rich, her words swift, and to the point—all of it accompanied by movement. Her eyes are as alive as her hands, and on the stage she is not unlike Elisabeth Bergner, insofar as her whole figure (*lithe and articulate*) talks!

On or off-stage, she spells enthusiasm.

And, like all young and aspiring actresses who know, deep down, that they have a certain talent (*although Elizabeth won't always admit it*), she would like to play *Peter Pan*. "I would also like to do *Tracy Lord* in 'Philadelphia Story,' again, knowing that I would do it better this time."

She has found Helen Hayes, Laurence Olivier (*"and my father, of course"*) inspiring players to watch. She likes Chinese foods, dancing, swimming and riding, but the stage is her only serious love. She speaks French, and "I also sing—after a fashion." She wears little make-up, likes tailored suits of blue and green for day wear, and the ultimate in frothy, feminine evening clothes.

Her beaux are many—neatly divided between Yale and Harvard graduates.

The anecdote that Robert Montgomery remembers best in connection with her flair for the theatre occurred some years ago. That was when Walt Disney's "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs" came out, and Elizabeth was very much impressed with it—which was certainly true of several million other children.

"Elizabeth was in her room with her brother, Skipper, aged about four, doing the 'Wishing Song,'" recalls her father. "She'd fixed herself up as her concept of Snow White and was singing the 'Wishing Song' into a scrap basket. She'd sing a phrase, and wait, and from off in the corner would come this awful little grunting voice of her brother. What Elizabeth had obviously figured out carefully was that she couldn't do her own echo, and somebody else had better do it for her."

What worries Robert Montgomery somewhat is that the opportunities for training for a young person in the theatre today are limited.

"Twenty to twenty-five years ago," he recalls, "there were a number of stock companies to which young people could go who had preliminary, or no, experience at all. The training had to do with facing an audience, knowing what audience reaction was, and that

when a gesture or tone of voice was used, what response the audience would have to that gesture or tone."

Today, Robert Montgomery recognizes that the mechanical media—motion pictures, television, radio—do not give the essential opportunities for training, because the player is not really facing an audience. So Elizabeth was told to choose a school where she could get basic training, and go on from there.

"Elizabeth went on from there with intelligence," concedes her father. "She joined young Phil Barry's Easthampton stock company, where she was plunged into problems not only of acting but of production. She had the opportunity of playing small parts, watching some very good experienced people at work, and she had the glorious chance of painting a considerable amount of scenery."

Wonderful experience for the charming Elizabeth Montgomery was playing a small part in "Brigadoon," and opposite Luise Rainer enacting the ingenue in "Biography." "The rest of the time," says her father, in undisguised satisfaction, "Elizabeth did everything, including selling soda pop in front of the theatre. It was a good move—because it meant that she served her apprenticeship before her senior year at the Academy."

Just how far Robert Montgomery will go in helping his daughter along the hard, rocky road to potential stage fame, is worth recounting.

"I like to think I'm a wise father (although I'm sure I'm not)," he philosophizes. "My attitude toward Elizabeth's decisions is that they are hers and hers alone. While I'm always available for discussion of her problems, the decisions as to whether she will follow my advice or her own ideas, are entirely up to her."

Robert Montgomery recognizes, and is grateful, that Elizabeth is an adult human being in many respects, and capable of making her own decisions in regard to her career. "It would be perfectly ridiculous for me to set myself up as an oracle. I wouldn't be helping her; I'd simply be hurting her."

Most of all, he hopes that Elizabeth will evaluate correctly the meaning of applause—its stimulation, its excitement, and also its unreality. "While it may be wise for anyone in the acting profession to enjoy it, it may also be healthy if one would never quite believe it. I hope that Elizabeth will never see applause as the beginning or end of the picture of success."

And in conclusion Robert Montgomery sums up his relationship to Elizabeth Montgomery as far as a stage career is concerned. "I think my daughter considers me merely as part of the audience while she's on stage. I think she would like to hear me say I liked her performance, but I don't think she'd be heartbroken if the audience liked her—and I didn't!"

END

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

doesn't mind it a bit that Desi enjoys the smoke himself because two days before, on the 17th of every month, he sends Lucy two dozen red roses as a remembrance of the July 17, 1951 birth of their daughter Lucie Desiree . . .

There will be no more ice skating for Arthur Godfrey for a long time to come, according to his doctor. For his next annual TV Ice Show, the humorist will be confined to a horse-drawn sleigh . . .

It isn't just because he's starred on TV as *Wild Bill Hickok* that Guy Madison doesn't drink or smoke—he just doesn't care to. He prefers milk at any hour of the day or night, and chewing gum continuously . . .

Dorothy (Kilgallen) and Dick (Kollmar) plan a TV series based along the lines of their daily radio show, "Dorothy & Dick," with a completely equipped studio being erected in the new Kollmar town house on Gotham's smart East Side . . .

Harry James termed it "merely fantastic," the night his band opened at the Hotel Astor Roof in Manhattan, when Hollywood friends gathered at one table and tried to break him up in between dance sets—Tony and Janet Leigh Cur-

tis, Vic Damone, Jerry Lewis and Paul Winchell were the friendly culprits. Winchell brought along his sidekick, dummy Jerry Mahoney, and from the ringside table heckled the good-natured Harry as he danced by with wife Betty Grable. The repartee became so hilarious, Mrs. J. laughed so hard she cried . . . What a TV comedy bit that would have made! . . .

Marie Wilson declined a six weeks "all expenses paid" trip in Peru because her husband, TV producer Bob Fallon, couldn't rearrange his busy production schedule. The South American offer still stands, at this writing, and the Fallon family may accept at a later date should they find themselves in a second honeymoon holiday mood . . .

Bennett ("What's My Line?") Cerf has hit the jackpot with his latest book entitled, "Good For A Laugh." Published by Hanover House, one of the funniest anecdotes in the collection is a particular favorite of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's, to wit:—Fulton J. Sheen relates that shortly after his elevation to the rank of Bishop, he made the first of his many appearances on television, and stopped for a cup of coffee at the drugstore in the building where the studio was located, with his red cape already in place.

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Gene Kelly	Janet Leigh	June Allyson	Dean Martin	Humphrey Bogart
Sally Forrest	Piper Laurie	Linda Darnell	Jerry Lewis	Roy Rogers
Ruth Roman	Ann Baxter	Mona Freeman	Mark Stevens	Scott Brady
Virginia Mayo	Hedy Lamarr	Betty Grable	Loretta Young	James Stewart
	Marie Wilson	Gordon MacRae	Joan Crawford	Audrey Murphy
	Dona Clark	Joan Leslie	Greer Garson	Marilyn Monroe
	Jeff Chandler	Jane Russell	Terry Moore	Debbie Reynolds
	Doris Day	Shelley Winters	Janis Paige	Olivia DeHaviland
	Lana Turner	Joanne Crain	Gregory Peck	Bing Crosby
	William Holden	Lauren Bacall	Wm. Lundigan	John Derek
	Gary Cooper	Gloria DeHaven	Robert Young	Cary Grant
	Bob Mitchum	Rita Hayworth	Vic Damone	Donald O'Connor
	Ann Blyth	Kirk Douglas	Jane Wyman	Hopalong Cassidy
	Susan Hayward	Mickey Rooney	Peter Lawford	Turhan Bey
	Robert Taylor	Mario Lanza	Red Skelton	Ether Williams

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The girl at the counter, obviously used to serving actors in every kind of costume, took the red cape very much in stride and asked blithely, "What's yours, Cock Robin?"

Gleeful Gleason was a Jack-of-all-Trades when he attended the Town Hall recital featuring Florian Zabach and found many of the youngsters in the audience were more interested in watching Jackie Gleason in his seat during the performance, than they were in the multiple talents being displayed by his friend Zabach. Declining to sign autographs for fear it would disrupt matters further, the semi-rotund comedian stormed out of the theatre and seemingly left in a huff. Actually, he raced backstage, took a seat in the wings and watched the rest of the show from that vantage point. When a topflight star does that for another up-and-coming personality, it's news . . .

Imogene Coca got together with Mrs. Sid Caesar and planned a surprise party in honor of Imo's husband, ex-actor Bob Burton. All went well until Sid told his wife that Bob and he were planning to arrange a surprise party for Imogene. The Caesars decided to leave matters as they were and proceed with the plans for the parties scheduled for the same night. Most amazed guests at the soiree were Sid and his wife Florence. Imogene and Bob Burton tossed the shindig in honor of the Caesars who fell for the separate "secrets" of the host and hostess . . .

NBC-TV (with RCA) has not signed with the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for a second Coast-to-Coast telecast for next year's Oscar awards. The annual prize derby event is available to any other sponsor who may be interested, although NBC-TV and RCA do have first call . . .

Nita Talbot wants to portray Topsy in a straight dramatic production of the classic "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It's the one acting challenge she's always wanted to take ever since she made her professional acting debut, at the age of 4, in black-face. Charles Laughton, who once tutored her in dramatics, considers Nita Talbot "another Garbo" . . .

June Valli has a mad passion for flowers and her chic New York apartment is never without a variety of blooms in every room. She favors white petals in her bedroom, pinks and blues in her living room and the foyer leading into her dining room is usually banked with assorted flowers of various hues. The ivy in her kitchen isn't artificial either. Tip to male admirers: if you want to make a hit with your favorite singer, you know what to send June Valli . . .

Sable is the name of the German Shepherd in the Alan Hale, Jr., household. As "Biff Baker, U.S.A.," Alan delights his followers with his adventurous encounters with criminals and spies, but when it comes to walking the family

canine, he's as meek and mild mannered as any of his three children. Alan, a 6'2" 240-lber takes Sable for her morning walk and most times can be found being led everywhere by the animal. Alan hasn't the heart to tug and jerk the dog's leash, so they just wander until Sable is tired and wants to go home. By that time Alan's wife and kiddies are out looking for them both! The last morning "air-ing" lasted three hours and Alan had to cab it back to the house with Sable to the tune of a taxi tariff totaling fifteen dollars! . . .

Lilli Palmer re-visited the famous Moulin Rouge in Paris during her European vacation with husband Rex Harrison and found several nostalgic mementoes in one of the backstage dressing rooms. An ivory-framed hand mirror, a silver encased miniature of herself and a tiny wooden horse which had been given to her as a child. The articles, once used by the glamorous star when she entertained in the celebrated music hall some years ago, had been kept in storage by a waiter on the Moulin Rouge staff. When the large cafe reopened in time for the Summer tourist season, the old employee dusted the items off and presented them to her during a backstage tour . . .

Peggy Lee is writing the words and music for a new Broadway musical comedy which she'll preview on TV during the Winter. The former Jamestown, North Dakota, farm girl, may have the music published as Norma Egstrom, her real name. Peggy thinks the hometown folks would like that . . .

Nina Foch, whose TV and movie careers have never been better, has had a bit of hard luck on other scores. After spending two days in a Manhattan hospital, she returned to her apartment to find some culprit had broken in and made off with her new mink jacket—a

present she had given herself last Spring, with the lining fondly inscribed: "To Nina, with love—Nina." A week after the robbery she locked the doors to her new Austin convertible and forgot to take the car keys with her. She was forced to break one of the car windows and in doing so cut her hand so severely she had to be hospitalized all over again—but not before she went by her apartment and bolted all doors and windows . . .

"Next to Dale Evans, I'm tops!" boasts beautiful "Maggie" Hayes, who says her four year-old son, Rusty, never paid her video career much mind until he happened to glimpse her as leading lady—buckskin and all—on a couple of "Hopalong Cassidy" vehicles revived on TV. Now the moppet thinks his talented mom is just great. "Maggie" has just one more hard-to-impress customer to win over and that's Tracy, her 16-month-old daughter who's more interested in dolls than dialing in on TV . . .

Lu Ann Syms won't switch to blonde tresses despite the fact she had considered making a change. A series of color tests proved her to be more telegenic as a natural brownette than with a honey-blond wig she used for some scenes. With color TV coming, she will remain a "brownie" for the future Godfrey shows . . .

For their first wedding anniversary celebration, John Baer gave his wife, Noureen, a solid gold bracelet featuring a dozen charms, one for each month, with a different "Terry And The Pirates" character saying "Happy Anniversary" in Chinese! . . .

Eddie Fisher can't give up his old G.I. habit of consuming ten to fifteen bottles daily of his favorite thirst quencher. He even has a bottle with his breakfast and pauses many times during



Bill Holden appearing as a guest on Maggi McNellis' program which comes from the Cafe de la Paix, Hotel St. Moritz in N. Y., Monday thru Friday.

the day to refresh himself with the same beverage. Luckily, he's never far away from "the stuff," not when his TV show is sponsored by the concern making the soft drink . . .

Jeff Donnell, the new *Blondie* on TV, wants servicemen from nearby Army, Navy and Marine bases to be part of each studio performance. She feels they will appreciate her interpretation of the title comedy role more than most. A "regular" of weekly entertainment groups visiting GI hospitals, she considers the military her greatest audience . . .

The wardrobe worn by George Raft in his "I Am The Law" telefilm series was designed by the star and in an attempt to prove how fashion-wise he is, a complete line of sportswear which he has created for male fashion-plates to wear in semi-tropical resorts, will be put on the market during the coming Christmas holidays . . .

Tallulah Bankhead's whim of wearing the same Hattie Carnegie dress during each of her telecasts, will continue during the coming season. The loquacious Tallulah will also adhere to the traditional Bankhead coiffure, long and silken albeit somewhat bleached for her TV return . . .

Bill and Maria Riva have scheduled the TV debuts of their off-spring, John Michael and John Peter, on a future telefilm to be made in Israel when "America's Most Glamorous Grandmother," Marlene Dietrich, visits the Riva clan early in 1954 for the event . . .

Patsy Kelly and her new smile, all pearly and perfection, will make a guest appearance on a future Red Skelton program during which the inimitable Kelly lass will be gowned by Adrian, made-up by Eddie Senz and bejewelled by Harry Winston. She'll do a boiled-down version of "Lady For A Day" in reverse . . .

Wally Cox is devoting much of his spare time away from the "Mr. Peepers" schedule, to completing his first novel—a science fiction tome laid in the year 2053. The book's hero is described as 5'6" tall, sandy-thatched and weighing approximately 135 lbs. Sounds like a "Mr. Peepers" of the future, doesn't it? . . .

Banners and bunting were part of the "Life Begins At 40" decoration scheme devised by Chamber of Commerce officials in Schenectady, New York, in honor of Dave Garroway's fortieth birthday. Born at 13 Van Velsen Street on July 13, 1913, he was named David Garroway just to have 13 letters round out matters . . .

Bert Parks' wife, Annette, doesn't want any TV career for herself because taking care of Bert and their three children keeps her busy enough. However, Bert admits he wouldn't stand in the way of

any professional appearances she might wish to make in the future. There have been bids to have Annette Parks guest on several network shows, but at this writing she's still saying "no, thanks" . . .

Garry Moore donned a long, flowing man's wig over his celebrated crew-cut and walked through the lobby of his studio building unrecognized by audiences who had just witnessed one of his programs. "It was a horrible experience," moaned Garry as he ran into a barber shop. His crew-cut is here to stay. He's one star who likes to be spotted by fans he chats with to find out what they think of his program antics. "If I don't have time for them, I shouldn't be on TV," he explains . . .

Buff Cobb exercises daily to keep her waistline trim and her legs shapely and slim, but it is with ballet routines that she starts each and every day. A former ballet-student, she's never danced professionally but has remained in top form, according to husband Mike Wallace, by rising early and devoting a full hour each morning to her limbering-up chores . . .

When the work piles up and gets to be too much for her two secretaries, Patti Page pitches in and helps until a third temporary girl is hired to handle the heavy fan mail. An expert typist, Patti can type as fast as both her employees, but admits she's not "up" on her shorthand. She can take down notes, but when it comes to transcribing them that's a horse of another color. And just as the "way" she has with a song, so the Patti Page Pittman steno method stands alone—her jottings are "Greek" to her secretarial staff . . .

Anna ("It's News To Me") Lee is getting mail from every state in the Union from male viewers who plead with her to give up her one-woman crusade against plunging necklines and strapless gowns on TV . . .

NBC-TV is being plagued with requests to have their "Today" repeated later in the afternoon for those night workers who sleep until the crack of noon . . .

Jackie Cooper would pay almost anything to kill the television showings of an old movie he did called, "Gangster's Boy." The former screen moppet finds it all very embarrassing . . .

Adolphe Menjou and his stunning wife, Verree Teasdale, may do a "Mama" series, but the time would be now, the locale New York and the sponsor a beer firm, quite a switch from the Peggy Wood-Judson Laire early 1900's San Francisco homelife made possible by a coffee company . . .

Hear Maggi broadcast her radio version of "Maggi's Private Wire" at 2 to 2:30 P.M. E.D.S.T. Monday through Friday over WABC, New York.

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DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

everything. The show went on with no further interruption . . .

John Beal, who has always lived in the same West 55th Street apartment building, when he is in town, took over the running of the house elevator when the operator was taken ill. During the four hours he remained at his post calling floors and accepting packages, he earned three dollars in tips which he turned over to the ailing employee. None of the new tenants recognized the actor who manned his up-and-down cage sans his toupee . . .

Audrey Hepburn witnessed a special showing of her co-starring film with Gregory Peck, "Roman Holiday," without a single other person in the N. Y. projection room. She wouldn't explain the reason for it . . .

Metropolitan Opera singer Robert Merrill secretly tested for the Mario Lanza role in "The Student Prince" in Gotham, but declined discussing film matters with MGM execs after seeing the finished footage . . .

Rosemary De Camp was mobbed on Fifth Avenue when fans spotted her and yelled, "There's Doris Day's mother!" The youthful (*despite her film characterizations*) actress took cover in a crowded Radio City Music Hall line of movie-bent patrons. It cost her \$1.80 to escape the onslaught . . .

Nanette Fabray, linked with every young, rich and eligible male in Manhattan, still prefers the company of her ex-husband, publicist Dave Tabet, despite the fact the "Band Wagon" star insists they'll never remarry . . .

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis squabbled in a Madison Avenue shop over the selection of ties made by the handsome actor. Tony was insistent on making his purchases despite his wife's criticism of his taste in the matter of hand-painted cravats. Apparently Janet won out. Next day, ten ties were returned and exchanged for "something subdued" . . .

Pier Angeli went nightclubbing until dawn—Stork Club, El Morocco and Little Club—with a handsome blond male escort, without her mother hovering in the background. It was the first time the young star had appeared in any of these famous cafes with a lone date. According to observers, she never had a better time . . .

Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis and Danny Kaye travelled all the way upstate to a borscht circuit hotel just to catch the break-in comedy act of a newcomer in the funnymen ranks—Larry Best. The trio of topflight comedy stars had nothing to offer the younger comic by way of advice. They agreed he's "on his

way" and shouldn't be confused with conflicting opinions about how to be a success. "He's loaded with talent," confided Danny Kaye . . .

Dean and Jerry stopped in at Le Ruban Bleu to catch another rising young entertainer—comediienne Ceil Cabot. The unpredictable zany is a femme Jerry Lewis and Producer Hal Wallis plans using her in a forthcoming Martin & Lewis film in which she will play Jerry's younger sister. When she mugged and shouted her hilarious laugh routine, Jerry exclaimed, "It's me with a wig and dress on!" . . .

Jack Benny talked business with Lena Horne at The Embers, fifteen minutes after Groucho Marx had exited the premises with a near-promise from the talented songstress that she would consider a role in Groucho's planned return to Hollywood film-making. Benny, who also wants to make another movie, may try to get before the 3-D cameras with an original musical that would have him co-starring with the glamorous Lena. From where the much-sought after Lena Horne sat, the 3-D race is on between Marx and Benny . . .

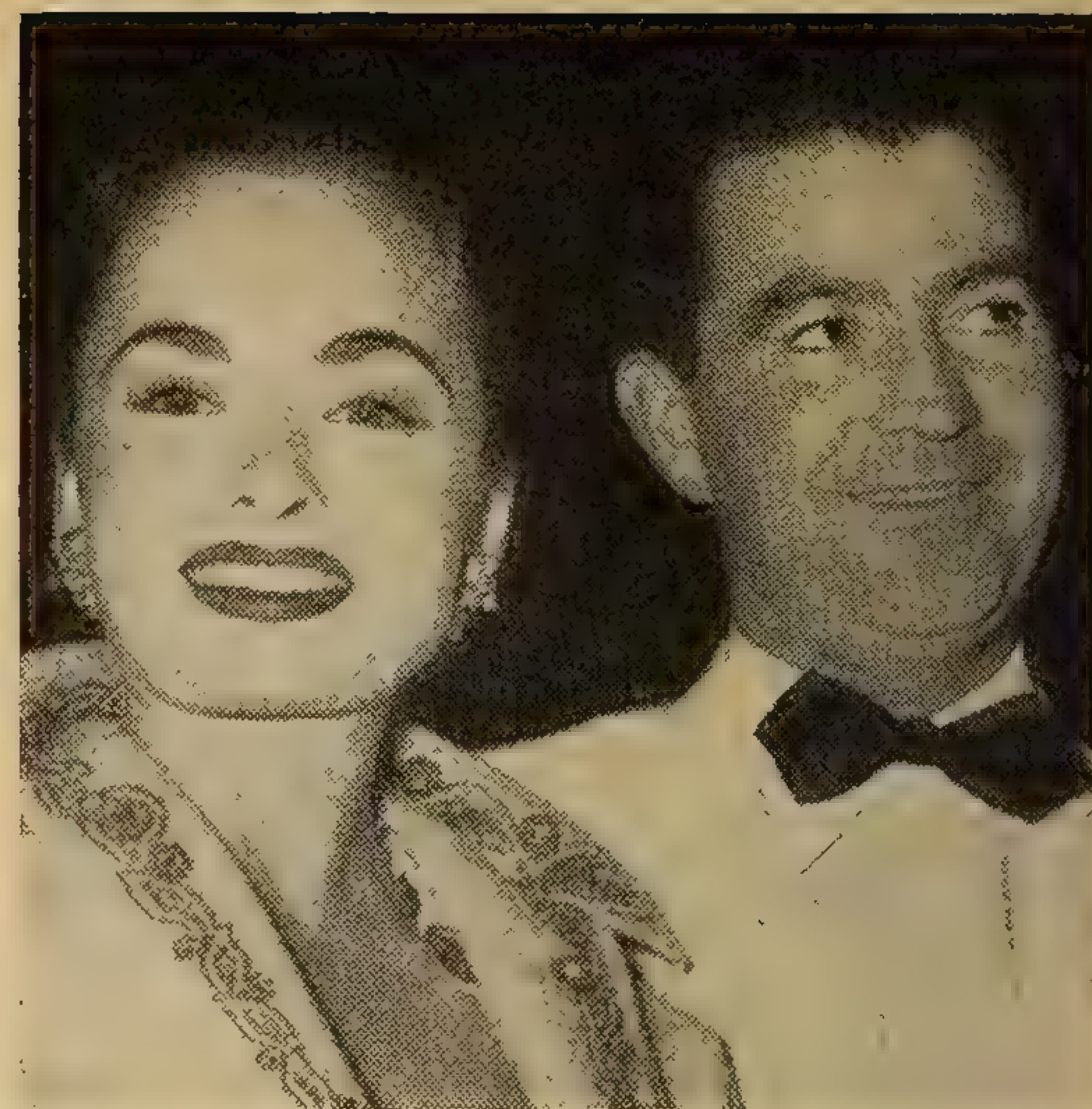
John Forsythe narrowly escaped serious injury when the plate glass window of a Lexington Avenue florist shop gave way and crashed to the pavement just as the actor walked out of the shop with a box of posies . . .

Zsa Zsa Gabor startled the Powder Room attendant at Bruno's Pen & Pencil when she ankled in and shed five crinolines from under her billowing Ceil Chapman gown and asked to have them checked until she was ready to leave for home . . .

Edward Everett Horton told friends he didn't expect to ever make another Hollywood film unless it's in color. As he prepared to leave the Pierre Grill after issuing that statement, his West Coast agent telephoned wanting to know if he would accept a role in the remake of "Magnificent Obsession." The aging comedy star said he'd consider it, despite the fact it was scheduled to be filmed in black-and-white. Queried as to why he changed his mind, Horton replied, "In 'Magnificent Obsession' they're suggesting me for a straight dramatic part. That's O.K. It's only in Technicolor that I want to be funny!" . . .

Basil Rathbone will return to the New York stage as the star of "Sherlock Holmes" for Producer Bill Doll. After the premiere of the play, a filmed version of the production will be made in 16 mm and distributed to high schools and colleges . . .

As a lure to early morning patrons, a Broadway movie theatre announced that the first 500 customers to reach the box-



Ann Blyth and her husband, Dr. James McNulty, are both native New Yorkers.

office would have their polarized viewers autographed by Joan Vohs, featured in "Fort Ti." The pretty blonde from St. Albans, Queens, excited because she plays the romantic lead opposite George Montgomery, and because most of her old neighbors were on hand for the opening, got even a bigger thrill when she found the first person in line was Mrs. Montgomery—Dinah Shore! . . .

John Lund and Jean Arthur are planning to co-star in a new Broadway stage play. They huddled daily in the lounge of the Algonquin Hotel and chatted with such friends as Biff Elliot, Basil Rathbone, Mary Pickford, Helen Hayes and Hedy Lamarr. Conferences about the prospective production were also held in the hotel lobby because Lund's upstairs room, too small to accommodate more than three people at any one time, was being redecorated to please him. It's the same tiny room he's occupied in the past, long before his Hollywood success, and the hotel management wants him to feel "at home" . . .

Arlene Dahl ducked into town, sans Fernando Lamas, and wouldn't tour any of the glitter spots without his telephoned-from-Hollywood approval. When she arrived at El Morocco for supper and dancing, with several of her agents and their wives, Arlene's favorite late-hour snack, diced creamed chicken, was being brought to her table even before she sat down—as ordered by Lamas . . .

Lee Marvin is the envy of most young Broadway actors who have been struggling for recognition. After being spotted on TV's "Dragnet" by Producer Stanley Kramer and given a role in last year's "Eight Iron Men," he'll next be seen in "The Wild One," "Gun Fury" and "The Caine Mutiny." His Gotham actor pals gather at their favorite Broadway hangout, the drug store in the Hotel Astor, once a week and each read aloud letters received from the busy Lee. Upon his return to New York for a brief vacation, Lee will be the honored guest at a midnight Coke-and-coffee party being tossed by his friends. The management of the Astor drugstore has approved the

party plans. Closed to the general public, the soda fountain will be made available to any and all of Lee Marvin's friends and acquaintances invited to attend . . . that's the way young Marvin wants it . . .

Judy Holliday's leading man in "A Name For Herself," Jack Lemmon, made his New York stage debut in last season's flop revival of "Room Service" at the Playhouse Theatre. The night he was told Columbia Pictures wanted to screen test him for the Holliday film, he stood up on his dressing room chair and scribbled his name on the ceiling along with the date of the good news. Coincidentally, his signature is just below that of Shirley Booth's—she occupied the very same room years before when she had a featured role in "Three Men On A Horse." Her name and the date marked the occasion that comedy closed after playing 835 performances . . .

Richard ("The Robe") Burton believes in saving transportation money when his studio isn't footing the bill. His luggage, eleven pieces, preceded him to New York via Skycoach, the non-scheduled airline. Weeks later, the star followed aboard the same airline with budget-minded tourists and servicemen as his fellow-passengers. Partaking of the paper box dinner provided by the stewardess en route, he pitched in and did what everyone else had to do upon arrival—tote his luggage from the La Guardia terminal to a waiting bus . . .

The name "Scott Brady" was paged continuously every two minutes for at least twenty minutes at Idlewild Airport before the star of "El Alamein" would answer. Of course, as was to be expected (planned and hoped for?) the Pan-American reservation desk was mobbed with Brady fans . . .

If Carleton Carpenter isn't the most forlorn looking ex-Hollywood star in New York these days, who is? His friends are trying to cheer him up with the advice that he's bound to click in a new Broadway stage play that will send him back to MGM bigger than ever . . .

Mamie Van Doren is very unhappy over the fact a noted Manhattan photographer has a batch of provocative pictures taken of her during rehearsals of a night club show which starred Jackie Gleason, when she was known along the Great White Way as Joan Olander . . .

Brian Aherne, who portrays the captain of the ill-fated luxury liner in "Titanic," had to console a weeping movie fan who spotted him in the audience after the film ended at a showing in an exclusive East side movie theatre. The sobbing woman just couldn't believe that actor Aherne hadn't gone down with his ship and she kept insisting he was "so brave, so brave," as the theatre patrons milled about the lobby during the embarrassing incident. Aherne finally put the woman in a cab and paid her fare in advance . . .

Tommy Noonan, featured with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," arrived in New York for a series of press interviews during which he refused to divulge his impressions of both glamorous stars. All he wanted to yak about was Betty Grable whom he has yet to meet . . .

The two-reel 3-D comedy, "Spooks," starring the Three Stooges, had Gotham film audiences squealing and gasping as they ducked pies, glue and buckets of water. In retaliation, a bobby-soxer witnessing 3-D for the very first time, got carried away and tossed a candy bar at the picture. The young patron's aim wasn't deadly, it landed in the lap of an elderly gentleman who assumed it had come from the screen. Convinced the 3-D technique was truly amazing, the candy bar recipient planned to stay through several shows in order to stock up a supply of confectionery. When other candy bars weren't forthcoming, the aged gentleman complained to the management and demanded a refund . . .

Alexis Smith created a near-panic in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria when her multi-stranded pearl necklace broke and scattered tiny beads all over the waxed floor. Several rhumba-enthusiasts skidded and slipped and knocked other dancers to the floor in a scene that would have warmed the cockles of the late Mack Sennett's heart. Deeply embarrassed by the incident, Alexis did everything but help the hotel porters sweep the mammoth floor before order was restored . . .



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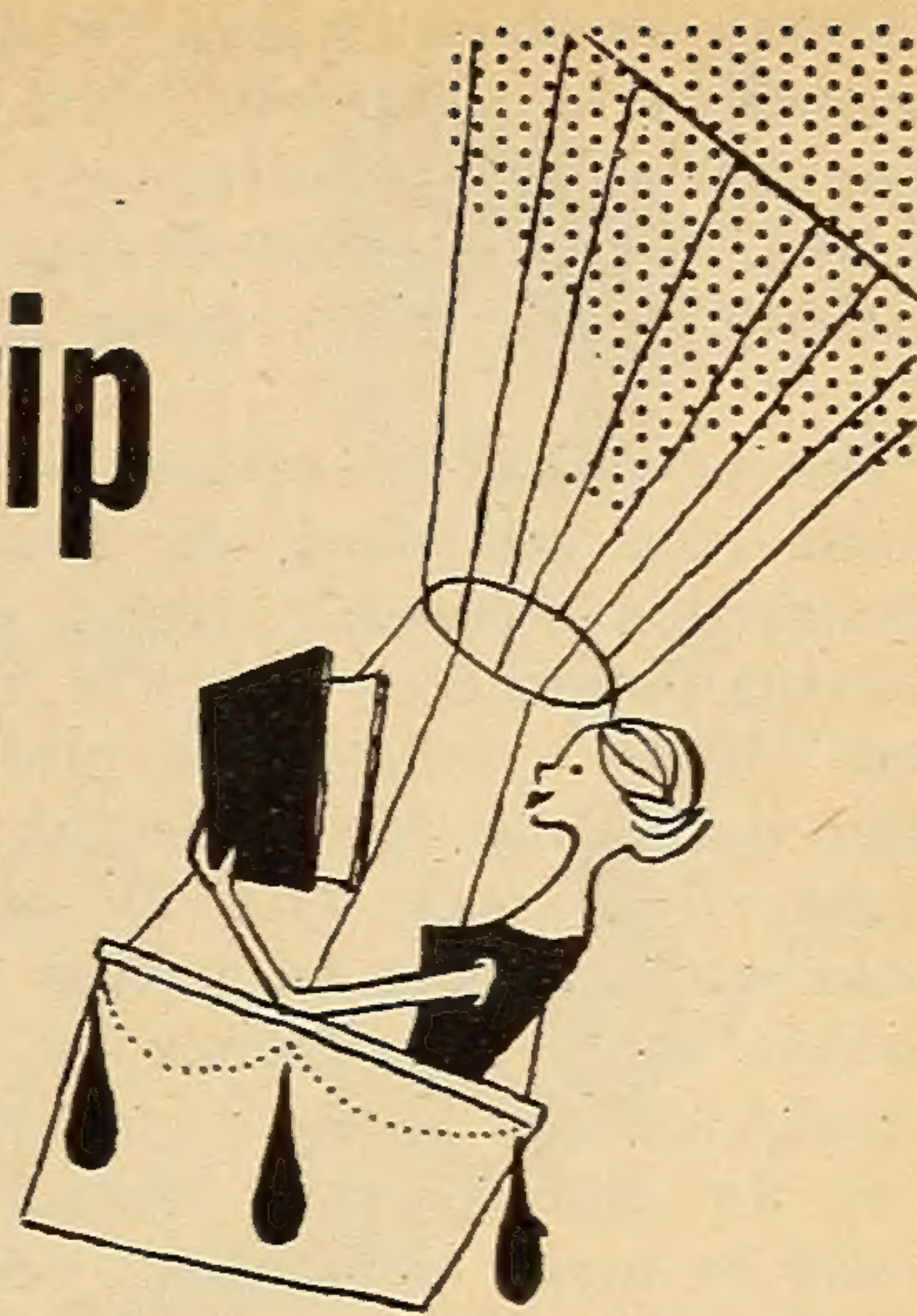
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Barry Sullivan was a daily handball fiend at a local athletic club while visiting Manhattan. Paired off with John Sutton, they trounced Bruce Cabot and Eddie Bracken every game . . .

The so-called "Gorgeous Gabors" have made concrete plans to film a semi-documentary comedy-drama in Gotham starring themselves—Zsa Zsa, Eva, Magda and "Mama" Jolie—in a plot based on their individual and collective "careers." Night club, movie and TV players who make any attempt to malign any of the Gabors with impressions or impersonations, will be hailed into court, or so goes the Gabors' new edict. Legal advisers to many performers who ape the colorful Hungarian celebrities, say none of the Gabors, from Eva to Zsa Zsa have a leg to stand on . . .

The Vic Damone-Marge and Gower Champion "situation" is going to remain touchy for some time to come and their mutual friends, Tony and Janet Leigh Curtis, are in the middle trying to be loyal to both parties. Insiders report the dancing Champions and the song star Damone, will never appear in the same film musical together, not if they can help it. The whole matter exploded over a matter of billing and presentation at a night club in the East where both acts were starring attractions. Signed by the cafe operator first, Damone had the edge on the Champions and rightly so. Nevertheless it created a wide split in their former friendly alliance . . .

Joan Crawford celebrated the completion of her musical, "Torch Song," by wiring flowers to all of her Gotham friends who had gathered at "21" to await a long-distance telephone call from her and her director, Charles "Chuck" Walters, the last night of production. Having brought the picture in under a one million dollar budget (unheard of for a topflight musical in color and widescreen at MGM) within a record number of days shooting—three weeks exactly—thoughtful Joan wanted her New York friends to be part of the movie set party being given by her on the back lot at MGM. Everyone in New York had to talk to everyone on the "Torch Song" set and they did for \$137.00 . . . **END**

CURRENT FILMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

by sheriff Brod Crawford. Apprehending the thieves, Bickford shoots them before Crawford can bring them safely back to town. Enraged, Crawford claims that Bickford used a similar trick to kill Derek's real father. To silence the sheriff, Bickford shoots him, but in turn is killed by Derek. Concentrating most of the action on the chase, picture gallops along at a fast pace with Bickford and Crawford scuffling for top acting honors and Derek and Wanda Hendrix handling the romance. **Columbia.** **END**

RECORD ROUNDUP

By **DICK BRUCE**

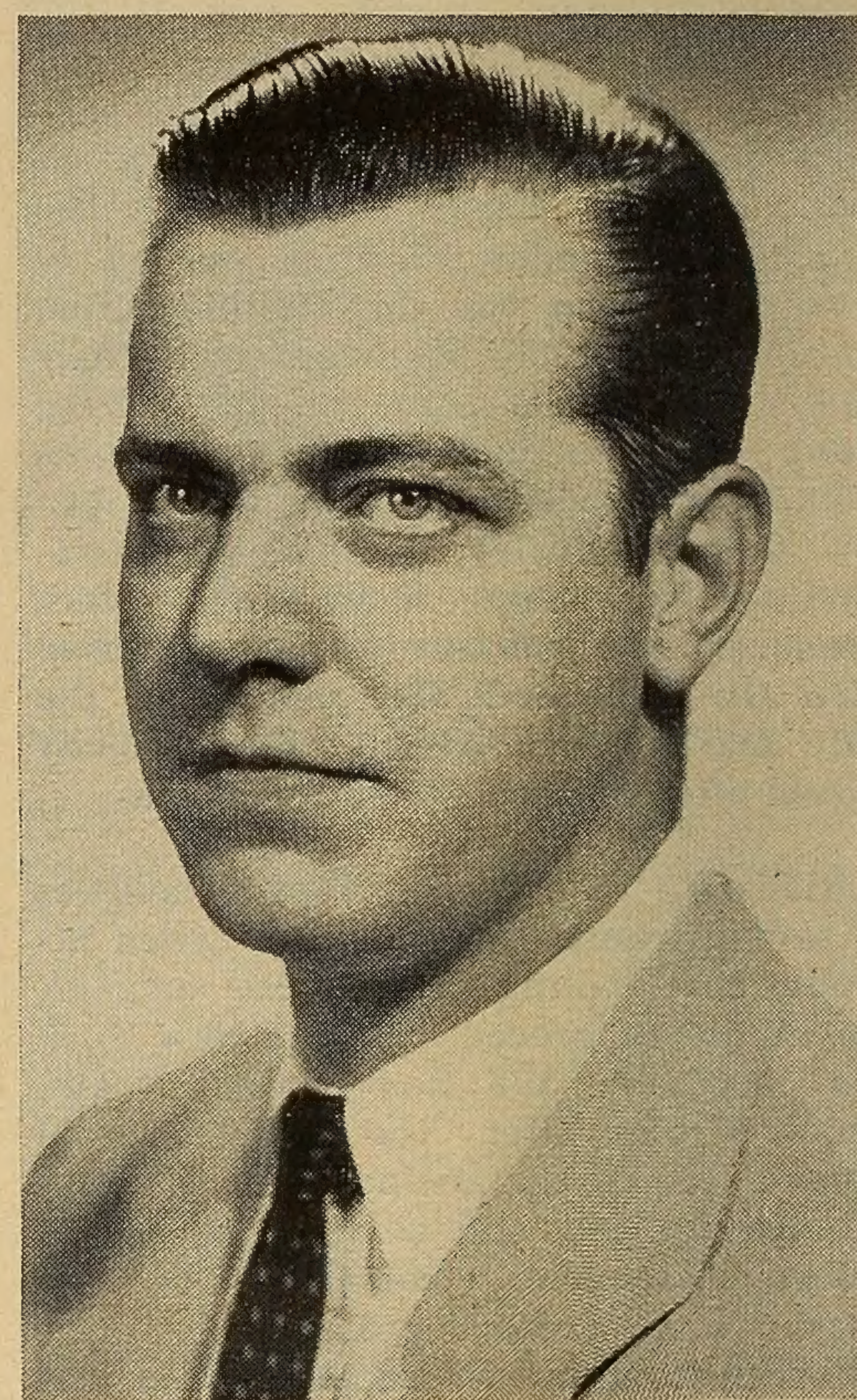
(Our guest columnist this month is one of the nation's most popular disc jockeys. Dick, a husky, handsome young man, telecasts from the WLW-TV chain which covers Cincinnati, Dayton and Columbus, Ohio. When first he started as a disc jockey in New Orleans, Dick ran a jingle contest and insisted upon presenting the first prize, a bicycle, in person to the winner. She happened to be lovely Audrey Garde. Cupid promptly speared them both and before long Audrey became Mrs. Dick Bruce.)

Tops In Movie Music

JANE RUSSELL and Marilyn Monroe in MGM's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" album, from film of same name . . . Percy Faith's "Moulin Rouge," "Ruby," "Return To Paradise" and "Bad And The Beautiful" album, from films of same name for Columbia . . . "The President's Lady," from film of same name, and "White House Serenade" by Jackie Gleason for Capitol . . . Columbia's "Danny Kaye Entertains" album . . . "The Call Of The Far Away Hills," from "Shane," and "Darling, The Moon Is So Bright Tonight" by Dolores Gray for Decca . . . Paul Weston's "Shane," from film of same name, and "Gigi" for Columbia . . . David Rose's "Return To Paradise," from film of same name, and "The Bad And The Beautiful," from film of same name, for MGM . . . Doris Day's "Kiss Me Again, Stranger" and "A Purple Cow" for Columbia . . . Ken Remo's "Ufemia," from "Sombrero," and "You, You, You" for MGM . . . "You" and "Nowhere Guy," both from "The Girl Next Door," by Beryl Davis for MGM . . . Judy Garland's "Send My Baby Back To Me" and "Without A Memory" for Columbia . . . "Shane" and "Limelight," from films of same name, by Richard Hayman for Mercury . . .

Other Toppers

TONY BENNETT's "Somebody Turned The Moon Upside Down" and "I'll Go" for Columbia . . . Rosemary Clooney's "When I See You" and "It Just Happened To Happen To Me" for Columbia . . . "Butterflies" and "This Is My Song" by Patti Page for Mercury . . . Russ Morgan's "Too Many Times" and "Ring My Finger" for Decca . . . June Valli's "Crying In The Chapel" and "Love Every Moment You Live" for Victor . . . "Laugh To Keep From Crying" and "Send My Baby Back To Me" by Billy Eckstine for MGM . . . Vaughn Monroe's "Don't You Care" and "My Good Girl" for Victor . . . Eddie



DICK BRUCE

Fisher's "When I Was Young" and "With These Hands" for Victor . . . "I'm Your Girl" and "Someone's Been Readin' My Mail" by Jo Stafford for Columbia . . . "Blue Willows" and "I'm In Love" by Guy Lombardo for Decca . . . Johnny Long's "I Wanna Know" and "Till The Moon Turns Green" for Coral . . . Gordon Jenkins' "No Other Love" and "Allez Vous En" for Decca . . . "Thunder And Lightning" and "For Me, For Me" by Georgia Gibbs for Mercury . . . Tony Martin's "Sorta On The Border" and "Unfair" for Victor . . . Toni Arden's "Lover's Waltz" and "All I Desire" for Columbia . . .

Grab Bag

"VAYA CON DIOS" and "Johnny" by Les Paul and Mary Ford for Capitol . . . Rosalind Russell's "Wonderful Town" album for Decca . . . "Pretty Butterfly" and "Don't Let Me Dream" by Mills Brothers for Decca . . . Capitol's "Can-Can" album . . . Dinah Shore's "Blue Canary" and "Eternally," from "Limelight," for Victor . . . Eileen Barton's "I Ain't Gonna Do It" and "Toys" for Coral . . . Bill Darnell's "Tonight Love" and "Come To Me" for Decca . . . Richard Hayman's "Simonetta" and "Dansero" for Mercury . . . Richard Bowers' "Tear Drop In The Rain" and "Baby Let Me Kindle Your Flame" for Columbia . . . **END**

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